EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

WORLD'S BEST THEATRE: Harold Clurman from Germany

THE Nation

JUNE 23, 1956
20c

Madison Avenue Jungle: Admen and Madmen

by David Cort

The Sobell Case *by Stephen Love*

Talk With Chou En-lai *by James Bertram*

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JUN 25 1956
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Letters

China's Cooperatives

[Note: Rewi Alley, a New Zealander, worked for years with the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives behind the Japanese lines in China. He is now living in Peking, where he recently met a fellow New Zealander, John Bertram, whose article appears on page 529 of this issue. The following letter was received from Mr. Alley postmarked Peking, February 10.]

Dear Sirs: One morning recently it was announced that all the privately-owned small factories, all the myriad handicraft establishments throughout China, would be organized into cooperatives. My telephone rang, and friends who had worked with me in the old War of Resistance Gung-Ho movement inquired how it felt to see *everything* go cooperative like this in one great sweep. I said it felt fine.

Agricultural cooperatives, as an initial step towards farm collectives, are already well developed in rural China, and the radio and press have familiarized many people with the movement. The change of handicrafts from private to cooperative organization on a broad basis will therefore prove comparatively easy, especially as there were already some 70,000 industrial cooperatives in existence.

Everyone familiar with the old China knows the myriad of small shops which lined the streets of every town, manned by employees who worked too long for too little and who, even then, constituted an unbearable burden on the producer. Now the cooperative idea, in which the state will be a partner, brings new hope. Continuity of employment is assured, with better living conditions, better techniques and a chance to advance towards state enterprise on a rational basis. I like the report I heard yesterday: Peking's 1,800 bicycle-repair shops and makers of spare parts for bicycles and allied vehicles have been organized into thirteen cooperatives operating 750 shops throughout the city. Each shop is being run by from two to six people, paid according to their skill. The cooperatives get their spare parts from other cooperatives 16 per cent cheaper than previously, and they have a standardized price for servicing. It will now be possible for them to obtain better tools and improved working premises as they become available; gradually the workers will win the many benefits—medical care, etc.—already enjoyed by their colleagues in heavy industry.

This is just one trade. The makers of musical instruments, the candy makers, the toy makers, the creators of art objects, the printers, the bakers and furniture makers—all of these now come into the fold. Their productive capacity will be greatly enlarged, and in the future all consumer goods of this kind exported from China will be "cooperatively made"—with all that means in better living for the workers.

REWI ALLEY

Peking

To Our Readers

A REMINDER—Fill out and return the Presidential ballot printed on the back cover of last week's issue of *The Nation*.

And while you are doing so, don't forget to mark a box in EACH of the last eight pairs on the ballot. In other words, of the last sixteen boxes, you should mark eight.

The Bonetti Case

Dear Sirs: After the death of his father in 1923, Frank Bonetti, at the age of fifteen, came to the United States from his native France. He worked in the coal mines and steel mills of Pennsylvania to help support his mother and the younger children. When twenty-one, he applied for citizenship, but unemployment and the search for work forced him to drop his application at that time.

In 1937 he went to Spain, where he lost a leg in the war against Franco. Upon return to the United States in 1938, he was detained at Ellis Island. A Department of Immigration Board of Inquiry then admitted him as a permanent resident. Mr. Bonetti gave a complete account of himself, which has not been questioned since. His membership in the Communist Party from 1932 to 1936 did not bar him from permanent residence.

When he again applied for citizenship in 1942, he was turned down on the basis of the same information he had given to the Board of Inquiry. Following the passage of the Walter-McCarran Act, he was arrested for deportation. The case has been in the courts since 1951. A decision is expected momentarily from the U. S. District Court of Appeals in Washington, D. C.

The defense, which is being handled by the Los Angeles Committee for the Foreign Born, is basing its case on the principles of double jeopardy and on the definition of "entry" into the United States. What the Department of Immigration hath given, it now wants to take away. Moreover, Mr. Bonetti was admitted in 1938 as a new immigrant. Thus, according to the precedent which has been several times reaffirmed by the Supreme Court, his "basic entry" was in 1938; therefore, political activity prior to that date is irrelevant under the Walter-McCarran Act.

EDITH K. KEIM

Los Angeles, Calif.

Enough for Both

Dear Sirs: Reading the article by Edgar Snow on Foreign Aid Begins at Home (May 12 issue), I find it difficult to withhold two reflections. First, a nation that can afford fifty to sixty billion dollars a year for financing atomic warfare (and thirty to thirty-five billions for buying motor cars) should certainly be able to invest in both domestic and world progress. Second, Democratic partisans who oppose progress in the American South also oppose U. S. aid for international welfare. Unfortunately, they are assisted by those Republicans who prefer a McCarthy man in Wisconsin to an Eisenhower man.

I do not see how Mr. Snow or The Nation can expect any deliverance from the muddle of U. S. party politics until the present party system is "liquidated" and a progressive party, based on labor, takes over the thirty-five or forty million votes necessary to establish a long-range policy of progress in Washington.

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THE Nation

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

Dulles Edits Eisenhower

SECRETARY DULLES insisted the other day that there aren't any differences between him and President Eisenhower on neutralism. Until that moment they had apparently just been giving a wonderful imitation of disagreement.

Just before his latest illness, President Eisenhower opened his news conference with a volunteered statement on neutrality. He was stirred to speak out as the result of Congressional opposition to the Administration's foreign-aid bill. Senator McCarthy was leading a move to halt all U. S. assistance to Yugoslavia because of Marshal Tito's reconciliation with Moscow. Others at the Capitol were agitating against American help for India owing to Jawaharlal Nehru's stand for nonalignment and against military blocs.

Mr. Eisenhower spoke to newsmen that day—June 6—with feeling and with much good sense. He defended the right of any nation to keep out of military alliances. He said being neutral didn't necessarily mean neutrality between right and wrong. If a neutral nation is attacked, he continued, world opinion is outraged. But if the same country has tied itself militarily to a Great Power and then falls victim to aggression, people would say, "Good enough for it. They asked for it." Mr. Eisenhower recalled that during its first 150 years the United States itself had been a neutral.

The President's words echoed like a thunderclap in some exalted ears. They alarmed Dulles. They shocked U. S. military chiefs. They startled and angered a number of Allies.

The day after Mr. Eisenhower's little sermon, an unannounced meeting was held at the Iraq Embassy in Washington. Those participating were the envoys of the five Baghdad Pact nations: Britain, Pakistan, Iran, Iraq and Turkey. The Baghdad Pact is the U. S.-engineered alignment of states running along the Soviet Union's southern border. While America has stayed outside, it is the bloc's principal supporter. This relationship was personified by the presence of an American observer at the Iraq Embassy gathering. He was William Rountree, U. S. Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Mid-Eastern Affairs.

The session of the Baghdad Pact diplomats was not convened as a result of the President's animadversions on neutralism. It had been arranged before he spoke. But it turned into a hot protest meeting against American policy. Rountree must have wished he could hop a magic carpet for Baghdad, just to fly away from it all.

One of the United States' stanchest friends in Asia, Pakistan's Ambassador Mohammed Ali, found himself in the unfamiliar role of America's sharpest critic. He remarked that at the peak of East-West tension and at some risk to themselves, certain Mid-Eastern and Asian countries had allied themselves against Russia and Red China in response to Washington's appeal. Ali went on to suggest that the governments in those lands might be chucked out of office if the United States were to veer from its alliances and begin backing the neutrals. He made the point that President Eisenhower's views seemed to put a premium on neutrality and make it harder to budge India and other like-minded states from their uncommitted position. The Ambassadors of Iran and Iraq seconded the Pakistani's indictment of the United States. British Ambassador Sir Roger Makins, looking every inch the perfect English butler, listened attentively and tried to calm the storm.

ELSEWHERE in the U. S. capital, Thailand's Ambassador Pote Sarasin hurried to the State Department and conveyed his anxiety to Walter Robertson, Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs. Thailand had joined another U. S.-led alliance, SEATO, in compliance with Washington's plea.

To enliven the party a bit more, the West German Minister Albrecht von Kessel visited Deputy Under Secretary of State Robert Murphy and indicated that American sympathy for neutralism was hardly making life easier for dear old Konrad Adenauer.

Amid all this backstage commotion, the White House issued a statement purporting to clarify President Eisenhower's justification of neutrality. But this postscript was a lame mumbo-jumbo which satisfied nobody and simply indicated that the President hadn't meant what he said. The White House statement followed a long talk Dulles had with the President in which the Secretary reported the meaning which America's allies were reading into Mr. Eisenhower's views on neutrality.

Three days after the President's remarks, Dulles tried to reassure everyone that the United States isn't going mushy on neutralism. In a speech at Iowa State College, the Secretary of State assailed the neutrals. The principle of neutrality, Dulles charged, pretends that a nation can best gain safety by being indifferent to the fate of others. "This has increasingly become an obsolete conception," said Dulles, "and except under very exceptional circumstances, it is an immoral and shortsighted conception."

At a news conference later, Dulles named Switzerland

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as the only neutral entitled to exception from the stigma of political immorality. His implication was that other neutrals must be written off as lost souls. Those thus condemned to the Dullesian purgatory include Indonesia, Burma, Ceylon, Afghanistan, Nepal, all the Arab countries except Iraq, Sweden, Finland, Austria and Ireland—to say nothing of several Latin American states like Mexico.

When Dulles had the impertinence to deny the existence of any difference between his own and President Eisnhower's comments on neutralism, James Reston of The New York *Times* asked whether it was fair to infer that all the press reports on the subject had been misleading. Dulles paused, discomfited, and replied that he wouldn't sit in judgment on the reporters. That didn't prevent the reporters from sizing up Dulles. And the Secretary's position was not enhanced when, on the following day, Ambassador Lodge switched back to the Presidential line by warning against viewing neutrals "with petulance or impatience."

This was by no means the first time that the Secretary had found himself out of step with the President. They got into each other's hair in public once before, strangely enough on the same neutrality issue. The previous incident arose from a White House news conference on May 18 last year. A French journalist asked the President to comment on the then current idea of a neutrality belt between the Soviet and anti-Soviet camps in Europe. Then, too, Mr. Eisenhower defended the neutrals. He pointed to Austria and Switzerland. Both are armed and committed to defend their neutrality, he said.

"All right," President concluded. "That kind of neutrality is a far different thing from just a military vacuum." On that occasion, too, the President's opinion afflicted Dulles with a sharp pain. Two days afterwards, Dulles informed German Ambassador Heinz Krekeler that Mr. Eisenhower's comment should not be construed as implying U. S. approval of German neutrality.

In the present confusion about the U. S. attitude towards the unaligned part of the globe, Dulles has again upheld his reputation as the only bull who carries his own china around with him. In trying to smooth the ruffled feathers of several allies, the Secretary managed to offend India and the other uncommitted peoples at a time when the Soviets are wooing them with greater ardor than ever. As a result, Dulles had to sit still and listen while Indian Ambassador Mehta told him a few plain truths. Mehta mentioned India's commitments under the U. N. charter: obligations which prevent any member from observing neutrality towards an aggressor.

Mehta could fairly have reminded Dulles that even now the United States is adopting a neutral position when that suits American interests or, in the U. S. view, buttresses peace. That is true of the U. S. middle-of-the-road position between Britain and Greece on Cyprus, between France and Algeria, India and Portugal on Goa, the Netherlands and Indonesia on West New Guinea—and, by no means last of all, between the Arab nations and Israel.

We do not believe the Administration is practicing neutralism in these conflicts because it is indifferent. The motive is in part a desire, sometimes misplaced, to help improve relations between the disputants. If we arrogate that right to ourselves, however, what business has Dulles to damn as immoral others who pursue a similar policy?

Time to Cry "Halt"

The Supreme Court's 6-to-3 decision that only those federal employees who hold "sensitive" positions can be dismissed as security risks is another step in the snail-like process by which the Eisenhower court is gradually reversing the disastrous civil-liberties precedents which it inherited from the Truman court. Since it took seven years for the witch hunt to reach a turning point, it may take seven years to restore Constitutional freedoms. At the rate we are moving, it could take even longer. Yet why should it? Can't we speed the process? Must we saddle the court with the entire burden of lifting the shadow of guilt from the American conscience? How many more lives and reputations must be ruined before we decide to put a stop to the inquisitions of Francis Walter and his adjutants?

At the height of the cold war we informally suspended the Constitution, as to certain groups, on the ground that a grave emergency existed. Every thoughtful citizen must now know that the emergency is over. The emergency was in part genuine, in part pure hoax. But in any case the danger is neither clear nor present today. To permit the witch hunt to continue with full knowledge of this fact is, therefore, to confirm a widespread impression that we actually enjoy witch hunts. One can understand and even sympathize with a mob which, in a moment of fear, panic or passion commits acts of brutality. But there is nothing more obscene than the spectacle of a group of overgrown boys torturing someone just for the pleasure of it. The current passport hearings being conducted by the House Committee on Un-American Activities must arouse, in all but a permanent minority of paranoids and sadists, a reaction of loathing and disgust.

Let's not be Germans and pretend that we don't know what is going on in Washington or attempt to excuse our indifference by saying that since no blood has been shed, no one has been hurt. All of us would feel a little less humiliated—the memory of the self-induced cruelties and follies of the cold-war years would be a little less painful—if, at this point, we were to extinguish the still smouldering faggots of the witch hunt with one swift, massive dousing. We won't fool anyone—future historians, God, friends, neighbors or grandchildren—by relying on the old discredited alibi that we were so frightened by big bad wolves outside that we didn't hear the screams and protests in the basement.

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MADISON AVENUE JUNGLE

Admen and Madmen . . *by David Cort*

ONE OF THE MOST significant and quietly sensational stories of the year has remained relatively inconspicuous in the pages of American newspapers. The reason: the story was a lawsuit against an important advertising agency.

This treatment of an important news story brings into focus a basic fact of American journalism. In telling about a murder, adultery, drunken misbehavior, tax evasion, American newspapers seldom identify the criminal as an employee of any large corporate advertiser, department store, chain store or, most particularly, any advertising agency.

The reader has no grounds for complaint about all this exquisite tact in his paper, because in most instances he does not pay for the publication. The advertiser pays for it. The citizen pays a symbolic tip to get in on a free ride. All he really has to contribute is his response to the advertising pages. You don't imagine, do you, that your twenty cents pays for the eighteen pages of four-color pictures in *Life?* Count the full-color advertising pages: in the issue I am looking at they come to forty against eighteen. That should tell you how you rate against the advertiser in *Life's* love-life.

The existing press is primarily a vending machine. "Freedom of the press" is 90 per cent a beautiful parrot cry by which we seek to identify ourselves with the Founding Fathers. Indeed, it is unfair and irrelevant to criticize this vending machine because it dispenses Coca-Cola instead of truth. Should the American people ever decide that it wants the whole news, it would have to begin paying for the whole magagine or newspaper. Meanwhile we must settle for what we get.

The lawsuit that the press ignored revolved around the advertising account of American Airlines (president: C. R. Smith), which rose rapidly from a trifling $7,000 in 1938 to over $4,000,000 last year. The selling of air travel was pioneered for American Airlines and to some extent for the whole airline industry by a man named P. P. ("Pete") Willis. In 1938, American Airlines gave Mr. Willis the power to choose an advertising agency. For the then small account, the agency of Ruthrauff & Ryan gave Mr. Willis a "lifetime, irrevocable" contract paying him $1,000 monthly and a third of all gross agency commissions on the account exceeding $18,000 in any six-month period.

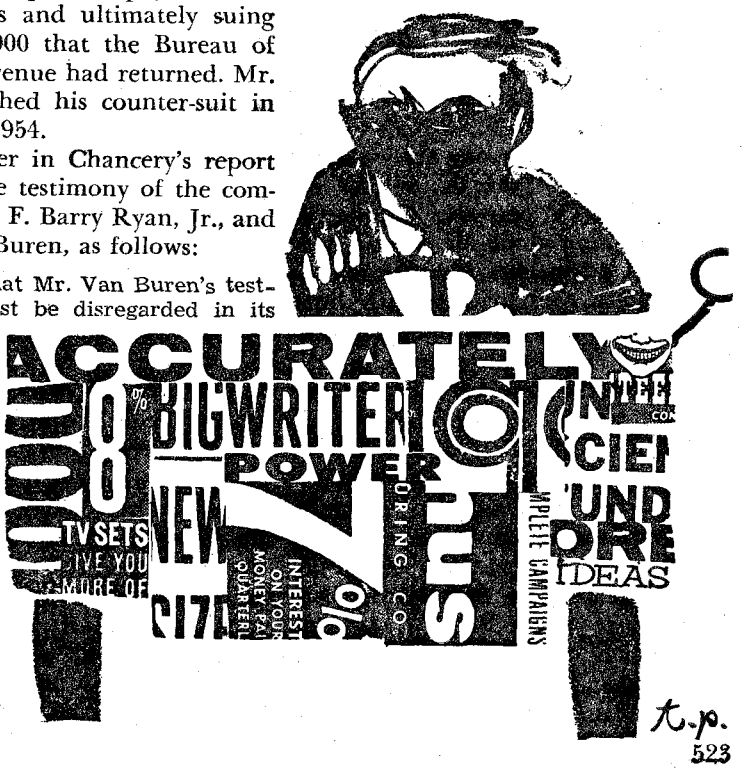
On December 14, 1955, Llewellyn A. Wescott, Master in Chancery in Chicago Superior Court, ruled on the facts in a suit for an accounting between Ruthrauff & Ryan and Mr. Willis. Not a newspaper reported that the master had found that Ruthrauff & Ryan had tried to harass and "dominate" Mr. Willis, offering him small "loans" to be repaid at interest, trying to get him to sign cancellations of the contract, reneging on a plan to pay his back income taxes and ultimately suing him for $5,000 that the Bureau of Internal Revenue had returned. Mr. Willis launched his counter-suit in November, 1954.

The Master in Chancery's report described the testimony of the company officers, F. Barry Ryan, Jr., and Ralph Van Buren, as follows:

> I find that Mr. Van Buren's testimony must be disregarded in its entirety as being untrustworthy and unreliable. . . . Mr. Ryan, Jr., exhibited a reckless disregard for the facts in permitting himself to swear falsely to two affidavits. . . . Mr. Van Buren and Barry Ryan, Jr., betrayed the confidence and trust that Willis placed in each of them by displaying a lack of good faith and fair dealing. . . . I find that the statements of both Messrs. Ryan Jr. and Van Buren are unreliable and untrustworthy and should be disregarded. . . .

The full story appeared in only one American publication, *Advertising Age*. Soon afterward Barry Ryan, Jr., surrendered his job as board chairman to Paul E. Watson, uncle of the company's president.

Superior Court justices will normally accept the findings of Masters in Chancery. But on June 4, 1956, Judge Marcovitz in Chicago reversed the master's findings and ruled for the defendants. This sort of news the press was able to handle, though still furtively and cryptically. In the back pages of the New York *World-Telegram and Sun* of June 5, near the bottom of an advertising



DAVID CORT, author of The Big Picture *and* The Calm Man, *writes frequently for* The Nation.

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business column, was an item noting that Ruthrauff & Ryan were very happy that day because the court had "nodded favorably to them in the million-dollar action by Paul Willis in connection with the American Airlines account."

Included in the trial evidence was a letter to Mr. Willis from the man who replaced him as account executive for American Airlines: "I am not the type of person who turns around and cuts a friend's throat. . . . Throughout this whole mess, I have felt that our interests were more closely related than apart, yet you call me every kind of blackguard imaginable. In this racket that's comparative (sic) to two inmates on a penal jute machine calling each other crooks." The helpless immorality expressed in this pathetic letter reflects a world in which the immorality seems to some inhabitants conventional and necessary.

TO EXPLAIN this I am led to a brief survey of the advertising business.

There is too much money in it for too little effort. In the present phase, there is very little pioneering toward the creation of new American habits and a gigantic brawl to pander to established consumption habits. A campaign or layout costing perhaps $50,000 to create is duplicated in media whose billing runs into the millions, theoretically profiting the agency perhaps $500,000 at the 15 per cent commission for billing. One TV commercial may be repeated $10,000,000 worth (agency commission at 15 per cent: $1,500,000).

What kind of money are we talking about? In 1955 the billing in magazines, TV networks and newspaper sections alone for the top one hundred advertisers came to about $2 billions. Add to that oddly limited statistic all radio and local TV time and newspaper space for all advertisers and a much better figure, according to *Tide*, is $8 billions. The pregnant 15 per cent of that figure comes to $1.3 billions in commissions. Some 3,000 agencies (excluding 1,800 one-man operations) divide it for an average of $444,000. Actually, only sixty-six agencies do $2.5 billions of the billing. J. Walter Thompson should keep about $35 millions on its billing of $220 millions; Young & Rubican, $27 millions on $182 millions. McCann-Erickson and B. B. D. & O. should keep about $25 millions. Next in order come N. W. Ayer; Foote, Cone & Belding; Leo Burnett; Benton & Bowles; Kenyon & Eckhardt; Grant and Kudner.

More interesting is where all the money comes from. A breakdown of that unsatisfactory $2 billion total shows the giants among the advertisers (figures in millions of dollars): General Motors, 44; Procter & Gamble, 42; General Foods, 30; Chrysler, 27; Colgate-Palmolive, 25; General Electric, 19; Gillette, 19; Ford, 18; American Tobacco, 17; Reynolds Tobacco, 15; Lever Brothers, 14; General Mills, 14; American Home Products, 11; Campbell Soup, 10; National Dairy Products, 10; Bristol-Myers, 9; Liggett & Myers, 9; Lorillard, 9; Distillers-Seagram, 8; Pillsbury, 7; Goodyear, 7; A. T. & T., 7; Swift, 6; Borden, 6; Kellogg, 6; Westinghouse, 6; R. C. A., 6; and duPont, 6.

A lot of money is moving around. But do the advertisers actually let the agencies keep all of that enormous 15 per cent? If not, do the agencies bid competitively for accounts with promises of ever-larger "kickbacks"? If so, where does the backflow disappear to? Is the United States government missing out on its tax cut?

Constant flirtation by agencies with the accounts of other agencies is the present foundation of the advertising business. The "kickback" is a very seductive form of flirtation. Every week several accounts change agencies; yet there is rarely any sensible apparent reason for the change. However subtle the flirtation, in the minds of the two parties involved it has all the dignity of a trollop's wink.

The reason for this unattractive and unnecessary relationship is an odd one, and the whole vice of the advertising business. It is just the opposite of the trollop's practice of getting paid. In this case, the client —the advertiser—never pays the strumpet. He pays the business man at the other end—the newspaper, magazine, TV or radio network. The poor trull gets to handle the money briefly and takes off her huge commission; but it is not morally her money for real services rendered. She passes it on minus her cut, and may even give back some of that to the heartless client to keep his favor.

This system is the disease that turns men into hucksters. The agency's charge does not really add a great deal to the cost of a product to the consumer. But the agencies constantly advise the manufacturers how to get more and more out of the consumer. The current conspiracy against the American consumer, disguised as a shower of free-enterprise blessings, is quarterbacked by the agency.

The days are past when every agency employed a few men solely to butter up the clients' sales personnel. They produced the tickets, reservations, women and liquor, and sometimes have been known to secure a contract with a well-placed tape-recorder. But if the practice is now largely extinct, there are certain interesting exceptions. One applies to the lower echelons of executives in the transportation corporations—automobiles, airlines, railroads and shipping. The more conspicuous exception is the hard-liquor industry, some of whose proprietors today are Capone-era graduates now surrounded by C. P. A.'s as well as charcoal-gray hoods. Here again only the lesser executives can be so easily seduced.

HOWEVER, there are many real friendships in the business. The social pal-ships flourish between the client's sales manager and the agency's account executive, or at a lower level between the agency's media buyer and a magazine's sales manager. In New York they can all be found lunching at Twenty-One, the Stork Club, the Ritz Bar, the Cloud Club, the Waldorf Men's Bar, Christ Cella's, the Divan Parisien and the Park Lane, often at their own expense. They may be telling the joke, six months late now, about the account executive who lost his account and whose hair turned charcoal-gray overnight. Not a very good joke, it is hilarious to agency men because they read the agony beneath it. An account executive in the same situation, telling his hundred subordinates about the lost account, choked up and burst into tears. The best story right now is about Milton Biow who, on dissolving his great agency and throwing hundreds out of work, told them, "I've saved my money, old friends. Please don't worry about me. I'll be all right."

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This was really funny because Biow's whole career had clearly told everybody they need never worry about Milton Biow. A few days later, according to the New York *Herald-Tribune,* he was dining in Paris with Art Buchwald.

THE huckster's love for 15 per cent commission system within the advertising agencies seems to me to separate the men from the hucksters. *Tide* and the Association of National Advertisers generally seem to regard it as sacred. Others within the business have attacked it for forty years as senseless, humiliating and obsolete. The Grocery Manufacturers' Association debates it at every meeting. The late Albert Lasker got around it by buying control of a company before he advertised his products. One agency, Cowan & Dengler, managed to do business on a flat retainer fee. The U. S. Justice Department recently got a consent decree against advertising associations for conspiracy to make the 15 per cent commission standard.

THE hucksters' love for 15 per cent is compounded of belief that they are getting something for nothing and a groggy conviction that they are already running the United States. One agency man recently proposed to solve farm surpluses by "awarding wheat to McCann-Erickson, corn to J. Walter Thompson, cotton to Cunningham & Walsh and butter to B. B. D. & O." Sometimes advertising men feel capable of repealing the law of supply and demand, or even the law of gravity, for a 15 per cent commission.

My own suggestion, if a percentage system is preferred, is that an agency, like a lawyer, playwright, novelist or inventor, take a contingent fee based on a percentage of sales income rather than a percentage of billing costs.

Perhaps the present system is irresistible to the business man because he, too, thinks he is getting something for nothing and if he gets a "kickback" he is getting it for minus nothing. It is tempting to analyze the attitude as the ancient and consecrated contempt that the man of business has always accorded the man of talent. The advertising talent does its work with such ease and enjoyment that the business man finds it somehow obscene, hardly worth paying hard dollars

for. Make no mistake about the talent in the advertising business. Compared to most other editorial work in America today, advertising offers more jobs, more scope, more research, more challenge and more money. It draws some of the best people in the United States, along with the dull boys and the connivers. They certainly deserve an honest day's pay for an honest day's work.

But the commission on billing is not an honest day's pay. The only reason it exists now is that the advertising business started that way, under circumstances very different from the present ones.

In 1880 there was mass production in the United States, but the problems of mass distribution and mass consumption had not yet been solved. The chief consumer goods were "do-it-yourself" necessities such as sewing machines, bolt cloth, pins and needles, tools, rifles and revolvers, and the unique swindle of patent medicine. They were sold by drummers, door-to-door salesmen, peddlers, pitchmen, fairs and local newspaper advertising. In this situation, the forerunner of the advertising man bought space in the newspaper and resold it for whatever he could get from the advertiser. Sometimes he helped to write the copy.

National advertising did not arrive until after the invention of the mass magazine by *Munsey's, McClure's,* the *Ladies Home Journal* (1883) and the *Woman's Home Companion* (1893). Now the first advertising men, like J. Walter Thompson and Frank Presbrey, bought space in the magazines and sold it at a mark-up to the first true mass-commodity producers. The earliest fortunes were made by the patent medicines; the attitude that advertising was a bare-faced swindle lingered on, not in the minds of the readers but in the minds of the advertisers and agents. Oddly, the agents rarely went into the magazine business. They evidently liked the something-for-nothing illusion; the advertisers liked it, too.

American periodicals in 1908 numbered 5,136. In 1955 there were 6,092 consumer magazines, 8,525 country weeklies, 1,870 business newspapers, 1,765 daily newspapers, 2,698 radio stations, 412 TV stations and three TV networks, nearly all living on advertising revenue. The fleshpots were very enjoyable. In 1955, *Time Inc.* netted $144 millions in advertising the *Saturday Evening Post* alone took in $83 millions, the Hearst magazines $119 millions, Crowell-Collier $24 millions and U. S. newspapers $695 millions.

EVEN at these prices, it is sad and unnecessary that the magazine be so servile to the advertiser. Any communications medium that can prove it has a relative monopoly on a particular audience may charge anything it likes, up to taking over ownership of the advertiser. The medium makes the mass corporation possible—not, as so many advertising people believe, the other way around. If there were no way to speak to the consumer, consumer goods would become local or homemade again. The trouble is that everybody in the act of selling, from the editor to the business man, is ashamed of selling. They all think they are getting something for nothing, try to get something more for less than nothing and end up with less than they are actually entitled to.

The consequent demoralization in American culture is most apparent in radio, TV and magazines, in that order. Magazines do not accept much interference with their editorial matter, though they certainly do not intentionally offend the advertisers. Daytime radio, on the other hand, has long been ruined by the insistence of the advertising agency on writing and producing the whole

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progr[illegible] for its client, wh[illegible] usually Procter & Gamble, Lever or American Home Products. Hence the soap opera, the most abominable art form ever conceived.

Th[illegible] agencies are outraged that they have not yet got the same free hand in TV as in radio. Senator John [illegible]icker's Congressional investigation would challenge the monopoly that networks have in TV. Who would be behind the investigation? Who but the agencies? They have already got their hands, usually in collaboration with "talent-packagers," on such shows as the $64,000 Question (Revlon), Groucho Marx (De Soto) and the Kraft Theatre, while convincing the naive that they want no part of TV. The operation is as impudent as if a political dictator should demand to sit in on *Saturday Evening Post* editorial conferences or, worse yet, "package" the whole magazine.

The agency's dictatorship over what ought to entertain America is not necessary or even useful to the advertiser. The advertiser knows as much about entertainment as I know about dressing hogs. Until the communications medium throws him bodily into the street, he is going to dictate what the people want as long as he can.

And all this is a consequence of the American people's happy abdication of the burden of paying for their magazines, newspapers, TV and radio. The occasional editor who still puts up a suicidal fight for the integrity of the American people's information sources goes unsung and unthanked. The tragedy is all in the closet.

Meanwhile, I must go on getting my pleasure from the advertising-trade publications. The Ruthrauff & Ryan story, which started all this, is not the only good one. In recent weeks Colgate-Palmolive and Mennen lost a patent case to Carter Products on the pressurized shaving cream they have been selling; Toni and Hudnut are at war; Liggett & Myers changed agencies to blended agony and jubilation; and Lucky Strike won its case against a man who claimed to have invented "Be Happy—Go Lucky." Above all, in April there was the crash of the once mighty Biow agency that had once handled $50 millions in billings and lost half that in its last six weeks. Its trouble went back to Biow's testimony in 1953 in a tax evasion case against one Arthur Samish. But Biow went down fighting, obstreperous and inscrutable to the last. You miss these great stories in the newspapers and news magazines.

It must be clear by now that a great deal that is both important and invisible bears on the decisive influences that bear in turn on the American people. As I have said before, the invisible man is always unpopular; he has too great an advantage over the rest of us. But in this case the advertising man, who is the invisible one, is not the ultimate villain. Behind the visible pages of consumer-goods advertising, behind the loving gargle on TV and radio, stands the really invisible man, the one with the false face, the man of business who is being given these words for nothing, who did not and could not think of them, who despises everything about them except the sales they bring him, who despises the idiots who believe the words and at the same time cannot help believing them himself, who despises the sycophants who wrote the words for nothing and is constantly looking for new sycophants who will write shiny new words.

If the Revolution or Counter-Revolution should ever come to America, I would not be surprised to find on the first line of barricades none but advertising men and women. I would have to be on the other side, but my heart would go out to them. Certainly if they wanted to change America, they would know well what it is they have to change. Finally, it should be remembered that the Republican National Committee is employing Lee Burnett's advertising agency, and the Democratic National Committee Norman, Craig & Kummel. The advertising people may have already decided on revolution—an invisible one, without the risks of the barricades.

THE SOBELL CASE . . *by Stephen Love*

THE CASE of Morton Sobell, now serving a thirty-year sentence in Alcatraz, presents a striking example of mass misunderstanding induced by self-styled "news commentators" and newspaper reporters, very few of whom have examined the record.

The record does not justify the designation of Sobell as a traitor or as an "atomic spy."

Sobell was not even indicted as a traitor. He was tried on a superseding indictment returned in the U. S. District Court for the Southern District of New York on January 31, 1951, charging him with having conspired with Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, Anatoli A. Yakolev, David Greenglass, Ruth Greenglass and Harry Gold, between June 6, 1944, and June 15, 1950, while the United States was at war, to deliver to the Soviet Union certain documents, sketches and information relating to the national defense of the United States, with intent and reason to believe that it would be used to the advantage of the Soviet Union. There was no charge that this might be harmful to the United States.

As a matter of fact, Sobell was not even named in the original indictment returned August 17, 1950, in which the only defendants were the Rosenbergs and Anatoli A. Yakolev, a former Russian vice-consul in New York, who, as the government knew, had been allowed to return to Russia in 1946 and could not be tried.

The government filed a list of twelve alleged overt acts, charged to the Rosenbergs, all of which were laid between June 6, 1944, and January 14, 1945, well before the advent of the cold war. As against Sobell, the government filed a bill of particulars charging him with having joined the conspiracy on or about June 15, 1944, and with five "overt

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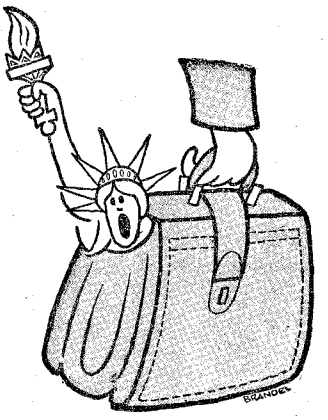
acts," consisting of conversations with Julius Rosenberg between January, 1946, and May, 1948.

At the outset, it is indisputable that despite the fact that the gravamen of the indictment was the delivery of the documents, sketches and information relating to our national defense, nevertheless, not a single witness testified, nor was there a scrap of paper, to the effect that Sobell had delivered *anything* to *anybody* at *any* time relating to our national defense. With the exception of the witnesses who testified to Sobell's alleged flight to Mexico, there were only two witnesses who even mentioned the name of Sobell, namely, Max Elitcher and William Danziger.

MOREOVER, even the characterization of Danziger as a witness against Sobell is hardly justified. Danziger testified that he and Sobell had attended school and college together and also worked together for some years at the navy Bureau of Ordnance in Washington; that he had visited Sobell at the latter's home in May, 1950, when he told Sobell that he was in the electrical business and had asked Sobell for the address of Julius Rosenberg, who, Sobell told him, was in the machine-shop business, it being the witness' idea that he might give Rosenberg some machine-shop work. Danziger also testified that Sobell told him that he was leaving for a vacation in Mexico in June, 1950, and that, some time later, he received a letter from Sobell from Mexico City, the return address name on which was M. Sowell, the envelope containing a letter to be forwarded to his sister-in-law, Edith Levitov, and to his parents, the return address on this letter being that of M. Levitov.

The only witness against Sobell who offered any testimony as to any conspiracy or any acts pursuant thereto was Max Elitcher, who had attended high school and then college with Sobell until 1938. He testified that in 1939 he and Sobell had a conversation in regard to the Communist Party; that he joined a cell of the Communist Party in Washington at Sobell's suggestion and attended meetings of that cell for two or three months after May, 1939, and until 1941; that he continued to be a member of the Communist Party until 1948, one group of the



party being known as the Navy Branch. He testified nothing further about membership in the Communist Party, but said that he met Sobell again in 1947 at the Reeves Instrument Plant in New York where Sobell asked him if he knew of students who could be approached concerning espionage and obtaining classified material.

Elitcher further testified that during the week preceding Labor Day in 1944 he had a conversation with Sobell, and that Sobell was angry when he heard that Rosenberg had mentioned his name; that Sobell was employed in the General Electric Plant in Schenectady in 1946; that Sobell asked Elitcher whether there was any written material available as to his work; that Sobell suggested or "implied" that Elitcher was to see Rosenberg about espionage business in 1946; that in 1947, when he met Sobell at the Sugar Bowl Restaurant, the latter asked him whether his wife knew about the espionage business and also asked him whether he would let Sobell know of any engineering students who were "progressive"; that in June, 1948, Elitcher told Sobell that he was leaving the Bureau of Ordnance and that Sobell asked him to do nothing about that until he had discussed things with Rosenberg, subsequent to which Sobell arranged a meeting between the witness and Rosenberg; that at that meeting Sobell and Rosenberg both tried to persuade Elitcher to stay at the Bureau of Ordnance because Rosenberg needed someone there for espionage purposes, but that the witness adhered to his determination to leave Washington.

Elitcher finally testified that in July or August, 1948, when he was driving from Washington to Sobell's home in New York, he was followed by two cars and that when he told this to Sobell the latter was angry; that Sobell asked him to go with him to deliver a thirty-five-millimeter-film can to Rosenberg and that they drove to the neighborhood of the *Journal American* building, where Sobell got out of the car; that when Sobell returned he told him that Rosenberg was not concerned about Elitcher's having been followed and that Rosenberg also admitted that he had once talked to Elizabeth Bentley, but said that she had not recognized his voice. The last time the witness talked to Sobell was in June, 1950.

There were five witnesses who testified in relation to Sobell's visit to Mexico in July, 1950; the gravamen of their testimony was that Sobell had used the names of M. Sand, Morris Sand, Marvin Salt and N. Sand; one of them also testified that Sobell had sent two letters intended for his wife, then in Mexico City, enclosed in envelopes addressed to the witness. One of these witnesses testified that Sobell had told him that he was afraid to return to the U. S. army since he already had seen a war, had experienced war; the government thereupon produced the records to show that Sobell had never served in the army.

The foregoing was the only evidence against Sobell. The trial judge instructed the jury, "If you do not believe the testimony of Max Elitcher as it pertains to Sobell, then you must acquit the defendant Sobell." The jury believed Elitcher, although this witness admitted that he knew he had committed perjury in 1947 in applying for a government position, in executing a loyalty oath and in concealing the fact that he was then a Communist. He admitted also that when he was interrogated about the Sobell case by the FBI in 1950, they told him that they knew he was a Communist, and that he was then fearful that he would be prosecuted for perjury. The trial judge, on the basis of Elitcher's testimony, sentenced Sobell to thirty years in the penitentiary.

Since the evidence against Sobell was obviously so inconclusive, the question arises as to why he was found guilty. There are several answers:

1. The most potent factor was that although Sobell and his co-defendants, the Rosenbergs, had not been indicted and ostensibly were not

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being tried on the charge of being Communists, the U. S. attorney, in his opening statement, introduced that element into the case by vigorously charging that the loyalty of the defendants was "not to our country, but . . . to communism," and by referring to them as "traitorous Americans" guilty of "traitorous activities" and "treasonable acts." This despite the fact that the defendants were not on trial for treason. Following this line, the government introduced extensive and colorful testimony of Harry Gold and the ubiquitous Elizabeth Bentley with respect to their respective activities in behalf of the Communists: each had a Roman holiday on the stand. The trial court permitted this testimony even though neither Gold or Bentley knew either Sobell or the Rosenbergs, and the name of Sobell was not mentioned in the testimony of either.

When the defendants objected to this line of evidence, the trial judge held that the inquiry was proper as going to the motive of the defendants to commit the acts charged against them. (The U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals subsequently upheld his ruling). The trial judge went on to caution the jurors that they were "not to determine the guilt or innocence of a defendant on whether or not he is a Communist." While such a performance by a trial judge may be legally sound, in the long run it is one of the less amiable hypocrisies of the law. In these days, repeatedly to call a defendant in a criminal case a Communist and then expect him to get a fair trial before a jury simply because the trial judge directs the jury to disregard that charge is either naive or insincere.

2. Apparently convinced that there was not enough evidence to justify a conviction, counsel for Sobell did not permit him to take the stand; that was a mistake, as it now appears.

3. The trial judge repeatedly, in the presence of the jury, demonstrated his hostility to the defendants and their counsel. The Circuit Court of Appeals held, however, that no reversible error had been committed by him in this respect.

4. The government made it appear that Sobell had fled to Mexico in 1950 and that Mexico had deported him; it even offered in evidence a card in the possession of the U. S. immigration authorities on which appeared the phrase, "Deported from Mexico."

Sobell and the Rosenbergs lost their appeal to the circuit court by a two-to-one decision. Judge Jerome Frank, in a dissenting opinion, argued that Sobell was entitled to a new trial on the ground that the evidence established, if anything, two separate conspiracies: (a) a conspiracy between Rosenberg and Sobell to solicit and obtain Elitcher's aid in espionage activities and to send military engineering and fire-control information to Europe; (b) a conspiracy between Rosenberg, Greenglass and Gold to send atomic information to Russia, with which conspiracy Sobell was not even remotely linked by any evidence. Judge Frank held that trying Sobell jointly with defendants charged with another conspiracy, with which he had no connection, was grave, reversible error.

BUT the majority of the Circuit Court of Appeals held that there was no error of law, and the Supreme Court has steadfastly refused to review the record. As succinctly stated by Mr. Justice Black: "This Court has never reviewed this record and has never affirmed the fairness of the trial." It seems incredible that in a capital case, in which two defendants receive the death sentence and the other a thirty-year sentence, the Supreme Court refuses to take jurisdiction to ascertain whether they had had a fair trial. This is particularly tragic in view of the fact that even in the Circuit Court of Appeals the defendants did not have a hearing as to the sufficiency of the evidence to sustain the convictions against them. As stated by Judge Frank: ". . . Where trial is by jury, this court is not allowed to consider the credibility of witnesses or the reliability of testimony. Particularly in the federal judicial system, that is the jury's province."

In other words, once a jury, into whose ears are drummed the word "Communists" and who are hearing a case before a judge obviously unfriendly to the defendants, finds the defendants guilty, then thereafter no court of review can find that the jury was wrong in its verdict.

Confronted with this situation, counsel for Sobell has had to rely on a different approach.

Sobell and his family left the United States for Mexico in 1950; there was considerable doubt as to their reasons for leaving. If they left under circumstances indicating a consciousness of guilt, that would be a potent, perhaps a conclusive, factor in the minds of the jury. If, on the other hand, their stay there was to be temporary, or, more convincingly, if they returned to the United States before Sobell had been indicted, then this assumption of a consciousness of guilt would be eliminated. It was, therefore, an important link in the government's case to prevent Sobell's voluntary return. The U. S. government prevented such a return by having the Mexican secret police seize Sobell in Mexico, rush him to Laredo, Texas, and there turn him over to the U. S. Immigration Service. That this was done without any judicial process, and without any hearing, is incontrovertible. It was an abduction, even involving physical assault.

To make its charge even stronger, the government somehow produced and offered in evidence a card purporting to be a document prepared and kept by an immigration inspector of the Immigration Service bearing the legend, "Deported from Mexico." Since there had been no deportation procedure or hearing in Mexico, the entry was patently incorrect. That it did incalculable damage to Sobell's cause in the eyes of the jury cannot be doubted.

COUNSEL for Sobell has filed a petition before the same trial judge who sentenced him, setting forth the facts as to the alleged deportation and asking for a new trial. The petition alleges that the prosecuting authorities had knowingly, wilfully and intentionally used false and perjurious testimony, had made false representations to the court and had suppressed evidence which would have impeached and refuted testimony given against Sobell.

If the trial judge rejects the defense petition, counsel will doubtless present the matter to the Circuit Court of Appeals. That court will then be squarely confronted with the question as to whether a conviction obtained by such methods will be upheld as the basis for a thirty-year sentence to a defendant against whom there was so little reliable evidence.

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OPEN DOOR TO CHINA

Interview With Chou En-lai .. *by James Bertram*

Peking

ON THE afternoon of May 8—one of those sunny spring days when a cold wind sneaks out of the Gobi, and nobody in Peking knows what clothes to wear—our visiting New Zealand cultural mission was invited to meet Premier Chou En-lai at his official residence beside the old palace. We drove in a cavalcade of cars from the hotel and swept impressively through an old-style Chinese gateway, getting a smart salute from gloved guards and occasional sentries along the curving drive. We were shown into a moderate-sized drawing-room with arm chairs and chesterfields arranged in a wide circle.

As soon as we had settled in our places, the Premier entered. He was wearing the familiar navy-blue working uniform of Chinese civil officialdom—a severe and unbecoming garb in which it is very hard for anyone to look distinguished. That Chou managed to appear both extremely well-dressed and informally elegant was a triumph of personality over sartorial limitation. In an informal meeting with a dozen ordinary New Zealanders, there was little occasion for any oratorical display; but to us all it was immediately apparent that we were meeting a man of immense natural gifts and highly concentrated intelligence who enjoyed talking and made his points with grace and humor.

Chou began speaking in Chinese, with a young and rather nervous interpreter beside him. He asked us about our visit, and our general impressions of New China. It was clear from his sparkling eyes, the rapid shifts of those bushy, expressive eyebrows and the ironical quirk of the wide mouth that he was following most of the English spoken before it was translated back to him. Before long he was correcting the interpreter whenever he made a slip, and occasionally he would himself interpolate an English phrase—always with a slight grimace, and an actor's trick of pulling down the corners of his mouth, that turned these exchanges into an amusing parlor game. So what might have been a stiff and rather labored interview slipped rapidly into genuine intimacy and friendliness.

"A man cannot live without friends," Chou told us. "Our country cannot make progress without many foreign visitors such as yourselves. To close your door is to block progress. Today it is America that seems to want to close doors. We would like to have Americans come to China, as you are coming now. But the American government will not give them passports; and so many Americans really believe what one journalist wrote—that China is 'one vast concentration camp.'"

THERE was an immediate murmur of amused protest from all the Chinese present. But Chou was enjoying his own joke and rapidly went on to expand it. "What sort of concentration camp is that," he asked, "when I myself am in it—and all of us? So many millions inside the concentration camp—and who is it who guards them? Of course, this story is not true; but how can we prove it to the Americans, if they will not come here to see for themselves?"

We talked about the possibility of exchange visits; Chou was keenly interested in the idea of some specially qualified New Zealanders coming to China. He himself suggested a visit from New Zealand grassland and livestock experts. He spread his fine nervous hands in one of those delicate gestures that constantly suggest the movements of Chinese opera. "We are not afraid to expose our weaknesses and shortcomings, especially in modern techniques. If you will send good people to investigate the condition of our agriculture and animal husbandry, they will learn something; and we will learn much from them, if they will give us their friendly criticism and advice."

Then, as if taking his cue from his own remarks, Chou talked about internal conditions in China and the progress they were making with their five-year plans. In agriculture generally, he considered the present position reasonably satisfactory, considering the great setback of the disastrous floods and the very bad season of 1954. Chou made three points about the current year's program in agriculture: "First, we aim to increase overall production by at least 10 per cent; second, we hope that something like 90 per cent of the farm population will have increased income this year; third, we plan to divide the increased revenue as follows—70 per cent to go toward the net personal income of the farmers and the remaining 30 per cent to be divided among government taxes, a sinking fund for capital expenditure and a welfare fund for the peasants and their families." Asked what proportion of a peasant's income went for taxation, the Premier said: "Between 5 and 8 per cent. It cannot be higher, otherwise we could not convince the peasants that our policy is deserving of their cooperation." [Last week China's Finance Minister, announcing the 1956 national budget, said peasants' taxes would not amount to more than 12 per cent of their total income.—THE EDITORS.]

CHOU was then asked a key question: If cooperation and collectivization proceed, with improved methods of production and greater mechanization (especially on the state farms), will there not be a surplus laboring population on the land? What is to become of this surplus? Chou answered that production and the improvement of living standards

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generally would more than keep up with any population increase (the figures he gave were an overall annual increase of more than 6 per cent in production as against a 2 per cent increase in population). In industry, production increases were much more spectacular than in agriculture—more than 10 per cent annually, with still higher figures for light industry.

Chou seemed to share the confidence of all we had talked with in China—statisticians, economists and the like—that there was no real population problem here. Increase of production, the reclamation of underdeveloped areas of farming land, the development of basic heavy industry, were the answers to the Malthusian nightmare. And it is only fair to say that in New China today this is no uninformed optimism, but the considered view of experts who have read all that Western theorists have had to say on this subject and do not lightly disregard their warnings. Only the future will prove who is right; at present, it is clear, people in China are marrying and having families with complete confidence that their children have a rosy future. Confidence, in such a matter, is not all; but it is a great deal of the battle. And to those of us who were only too familiar with the uncertainty and timidity of the middle and professional classes in Western countries about the size of families and the future occupations of a single son or daughter, this Chinese attitude was like a breath of fresh air.

THE Premier went on to discuss internal politics in China, the nature of the government and the role of the Communist Party. "Of course we have taken the road of socialism because we believe this was the only road open to us after the national struggle for independence. But it is not only the Communists who accept this. In our government—both national and local—many other parties and groups besides the Communists are represented.

"Some of you have met members of the government who represent the smaller parties that used to exist in China; you have met representatives of state-private industry; you have seen industrialists marching in the May Day procession. If you go to some other cities, I hope you will

Premier Chou En-lai

meet some Chinese capitalists. In Shanghai, for example, there is Mr. Jung Yi-jen—he is the biggest capitalist in all China. He owns textile mills and factories with a capital of over thirty million [Chinese dollars]; the property owned by his family is valued at more than one hundred millions. He will tell you why a rich capitalist is prepared to give his support to our government."

This was the only part of Chou's interview which I later heard described by one member of our group as "phoney." "Obviously, this chap Jung must be a stooge, who is told off to deal with foreign visitors." A day or so later, when I met a visiting Cambridge economist who had lunched with Mr. Jung Yi-jen, the argument came out into the open once more. "Oh, yes, he is certainly a capitalist," the Cambridge man commented. "He gave us a sixteen-course luncheon, and he lives in an absolute palace. His father built up the business, he inherited it; and now he is a capitalist-Communist, or a Communist-capitalist, whichever you prefer. No doubt he is very useful to them—he's a nice chap, too." I reserved my own judgment until I had had the chance to talk with Mr. Jung Yi-jen myself.

But it seemed to me natural enough that Chou En-lai, to make a point, should illustrate it with the most striking single example he could cite. We had met a more modest example of a New Zealand capitalist, Mr. Young Tong Shing, in Canton. Mr. Young, who had been a strong Labor Party supporter in New Zealand, had come back to China with his two sons; he was working as manager of one of the twelve factories of a large dying concern mainly financed by overseas Chinese capital (the total investment, he told us, was in the nature of a hundred million Chinese dollars). I was prepared to believe a man who came from my own part of the world, whose son had been a student at the university college where I teach, and whose personal sincerity was transparent. He assured me that he was doing very nicely indeed, thank you, with a guaranteed 8 per cent annual profit for his investors; and he told me that many Chinese capitalists living in Hong Kong or in other places abroad were increasingly attracted by the opportunities of investment and offers of executive positions inside New China.

Our interview with Chou had already occupied more than an hour when, inevitably, the question of Communist "dictatorship" came up. Chou gave us briefly the standard Chinese introduction to this theme: the historical background of Koumintang-Communist cooperation from 1925-27 and the subsequent breach; the war-time cooperation against the Japanese. "Of course, the Communist Party takes the lead in our country, because of its experience in all these years of struggle, because the people trust it, because it is by far the largest political party." (Figures here speak for themselves: Chinese Communist Party: 1945, 1.21 million members; 1949, 4.5 million members; 1955, nine million members). "But it is important that we should have other parties and other groups active in our country, so that they can criticize and 'oversee' the Communist leadership."

"Is it possible," one of our group asked, "to conceive of conditions under which the Communist Party would pass the leadership of the country to any other party?"

Chou's hands became even more dramatic and expressive than usual. "If the Chinese Communist Party continues to give effective leadership and makes no errors in following a correct general line, then that is inconceivable. But *if* the Communist Party should make such major errors, and the people felt that they were major errors, then we can say it is possible that some other party might replace the Communist Party." It was an orthodox Marxist answer, I supposed; but it was pretty

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clear that Chou considered the second alternative remote. He went on to speak of "democratic centralism" and the method of party organization; the party must keep in touch with the people and must respect the views of others.

"It is our experience," one of our group put in, "that all political parties make mistakes sooner or later and lose their usefulness. We think it is better, when this happens, that they should give way—at least, for a time—to another leadership."

Chou En-lai accepted this politely, but without any obvious enthusiasm. "That is the way of Western democracies. We are following the way of socialism, and socialization is our immediate goal. If we achieve it, and if we move beyond this to communism, then of course we believe that all political parties will disappear."

"Eighteen years ago," I said, "when I interviewed Chairman Mao Tse-tung in Yenan, I asked him how long he thought it would take for China to catch up with the economic progress of Western nations. The answer he gave me then was 'several decades.' What answer would you now give to the same general question?"

But Chou En-lai was much too old a bird to be caught with groundseed. "If you mean the establishment of basic industry, then perhaps we can say within three five-year plans—fifteen years. But if you mean the full modernization of the whole country, so that the standard of living of the workers reaches the standard of employed workers in, say, the United States, then we must say several decades."

The sun was slanting through the southern lattices, and the Chinese Premier hinted politely that, though he would like us to ask more questions, he had, alas, another engagement. He rose and gestured us all towards the steps outside, where he stood smiling with our group for a photograph. We took our farewells, and the line of cars moved along the drive.

It had been a curious experience for most of us. The comment that hung at the back of my own mind, and that I made later to a Chinese friend, was expressed something like this: *If* a group of Chinese came to Wellington, it was not impossible that a New Zealand prime minister might receive them and even have something to say to them. But that he should give an hour and a half to serious discussion of the main problems of his government with them, inviting their questions and replying to them in detail, was almost as "inconceivable" as the peaceful "replacement" of the Chinese Communist Party.

SAILING TO BYZANTIUM

Yeats and the Young Mind.. *by Dan Wakefield*

". . . eyes that rage has brightened,
arms it has made lean,
Give place to an indifferent multitude. . ."
—William Butler Yeats

The younger intelligentsia of the twenties in America, at least that part of it that dealt with ideas, was crossing the ocean to Paris—or planning to. Their counterparts of the thirties were going to Spain, either physically or vicariously via rallies and parades. From all indications, the intellectual section of today's younger generation is launched on quite a different voyage—a voyage that, significantly, is guaranteed not to get the passengers' feet wet. They are Sailing to Byzantium. That cold, metallic world of abstraction described by William Butler Yeats in his poems "Byzantium" and "Sailing to Byzantium" seems to hold the climate most desired by the recently-graduated English majors.

On page 533 of this issue M. L. Rosenthal, The Nation's *poetry editor, writes of Yeats as poet; in this article Dan Wakefield writes of him as political mentor of today's younger generation of intellectuals—a generation of which Mr. Wakefield is clearly a most reluctant member.*

Not long ago a professor of English at Columbia informed a class in Wordsworth, Keats and Yeats to devote more time to Wordsworth and Keats. "I know you're all interested in Yeats before we start," he explained. He paused for a moment, turned his palms towards the ceiling, and asked "Just what is it you see in Yeats?" The answer to this and the whole question of Yeats's great popularity among the new intellectual youth is that his poetry reflects the world they face—and their reaction to it. The visions of Yeats the prophet are coming to pass, and today's young people need no imagination to see them.

They have read that "somewhere in sands of the desert" nuclear progress is being made, and after Hiroshima it takes no muse to supply the image of "a gaze blank and pitiless as the sun" that could overturn the civilization of twenty centuries. "The Second Coming," like so much of Yeats's important work, is filled with the hopes and fears and realities peculiar to the current young generation. And it articulates a major theme of the generation's mood with the line, "The *best* lack all conviction. . . ." The intellectuals are the best, at least as far as mentality is concerned, and this generation's intellectuals are set apart from their predecessors of the twenties and thirties not by the difference in their political convictions but in their lack of them. This is not an unusual attitude for the majority of any time; but today it seems to be the predominating attitude of the leaders, the Phi Beta Kappas, the valedictorians, the ones "Most likely to . . ."; in short, "the best." How long ago was it that James Wechsler stepped out of his role as a *Spectator* reporter to speak in the student rallies at Columbia he was supposed to be covering?

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How long ago was it that Ernest Hemingway was out of money in Paris, writing his first stories, and turned down a lucrative offer from Hearst? It must have been a long, long time.

It is usually the dream of the young, no matter how tangled the world they inherit, that they and their friends will be able to master it. Today there is neither much evidence of dream nor desire, but a heavy sense that this world and its H-bombs, complex politics and swollen corporations has got beyond the control of its creators. Or, as Yeats puts it in "The Second Coming,"

> Turning and turning in the widening gyre
> The falcon cannot hear the falconer.

The men in business remind the newest generation of interviewees that the country is enjoying its greatest prosperity. And yet, the personnel heads of three of New York's most influential firms told a group of college seniors this year that the first question of most job-seeking young men nowadays is "What kind of a retirement plan do you have?" What the personnel men and the writers of *Life* editorials seem to forget when they talk about the high rate of prosperity is the high rate of divorce, delinquency, crime and mental illness which might make a young scholar reading Yeats stop and ponder a while at the line, "Things fall apart, the center cannot hold," and perhaps have a cold and convincing sensation that this was his world the poet was speaking of.

OF COURSE other generations have faced worlds more fluid and frightening than this one, but this generation seems unique in its reaction and the widespread mood of it. The mood is expressed in the hopes of Yeats for his child in "Prayer for My Daughter" when he writes

> O may she live like some green laurel
> Rooted in one dear perpetual place. . .
> And may her bridegroom bring her to a house
> Where all's accustomed, ceremonious;
> For arrogance and hatred are the wares
> Peddled in the thoroughfares.

The thoroughfares of action appear quite empty, and the dominant voice of the new generation is not like its predecessors'—raised in shouts—but lowered in prayer. The Here is overlooked for the Beyond in perhaps the biggest boom of religious interest our nation's colleges have ever seen. It is the cautious and weary revival of a group that has inherited two wars in its lifetime and lives in the knowledge that a John Foster Dulles has taken it three other times "to the brink" of atomic catastrophe—and may sally forth again when the spirit moves him. Beyond "the brink"—there has to be heaven. The atmosphere and its results are best understood through another vision of Yeats, described in "The Valley of the Black Pig," where

> The dews drop slowly and dreams gather; unknown spears
> Suddenly hurtle before my dream-awakened eyes,
> And then the clash of fallen horsemen and the cries
> Of unknown perishing armies beat about my ears.
> We who still labor by the cromlech on the shore,
> The grey cairn on the hill, when day sinks drowned in dew,
> Being weary of the world's empires, bow down to you,
> Master of the still stars and of the flaming door.

The young are apparently numbed by the nightmare. It was only the intellectual minority that caused all the noise in the student strikes against war in the thirties; but the noise they made was enough to convince a lot of people that they spoke for multitudes of youth throughout the country. The corresponding minority of this generation shows a preference for sitting in silence, self-removed from a world they never made and have little desire to change.

SUCH an attitude is standard for the mass of men in every time, but it is strange indeed for those who aspire to be writers. It is their job to meet the world head on, to understand it; but in this generation they hurry past it with lowered eyes on the way to the classroom. The academy, not the world, is being chosen as the province of the youngest writers today in what is reported to be a constantly growing procession to graduate schools of English. There the prematurely world-weary youth may turn to their books and books about books and reassure one another that

> Words alone are certain good.
> Where are now the warring kings,
> Word be-mockers?—By the Rood,
> Where are now the warring kings?

A likely possibility of the trend to the campus is that words for words' sake, produced in ivied towers of graduate schools, will be the major fruit of the youngest generation's literary efforts—and even that hothouse product may well be scarce. One aspiring young writer has admitted with regret that the burden of his studies had crushed, at least temporarily, his own work at fiction. "But teaching is the only way to write and make a living these days," he explained. "It's impossible now to just take off and roam around and spend your time writing."

But it has always been impossible. It was just as impossible when Hemingway lived on potatoes in Paris. The difference today is that the young are so willing to accept the impossibility. They sail toward their particular goal, not in the spirit of Jay Gatsby who "believed in the orgiastic future that year by year recedes before us," but as men passing through a strange interlude that separates them from retirement. The voyage is not to the orgiastic future sought in the twenties, or the socially Utopian future desired in the thirties. Today the young intellectual pledges himself that

> Once out of nature I shall never take
> My bodily form from any natural thing.
> But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make
> To keep a drowsy emperor awake;
> Or set upon a golden bough to sing
> To lords and ladies of Byzantium
> Of what is past, or passing, or to come.

Byzantium looms as the promised land of the new youth—a land of images instead of humans, a land of artificial experience where

> . . . all complexities of fury leave,
> Dying into a dance.
> An agony of trance,
> An agony of flame that cannot singe a sleeve.

That is the fire of Byzantium, and unless the voyage of the youngest generation of thinkers and writers in America changes its course, that will be the fire of their work. It is a fire that holds little danger of burning anyone—and even less promise of warming them.

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Sources in Myth and Magic

By M. L. Rosenthal

THE simultaneous publication of Yeats's *Collected Poems* (Definitive Edition) and reissuing of his *A Vision* give us nothing significantly new, yet remind us of everything in his work that remains marvelously the same. Both, we are told, contain "the author's final revisions," yet their pagination is identical with the 1951 *Collected Poems* and the 1938 *A Vision,* the latter long out of print. Of course, a comma here and a semicolon there can make a great difference, and we reserve the right (learned journals please note) to descant on those fine bibliographical points in another season. Meanwhile, we are given two happy excuses to think once more about a great poet's work.*

One of the first thoughts is the astounding *relevance* of his work to the critical issues of twentieth-century consciousness—astounding partly because the more one reads Yeats the more absorbed and fascinated one becomes by the idosyncrasies of his technical achievement, his symbols, his many-sided intellectual biography and his system of images. But the simplicities are what count first: the natural yet varied music of his verse, the full vigor and candor of his way of statement, the wit and wide applicability of his insights. You may not like what he has to say in his short poem "Parnell," but you are bound to feel its force:

> Parnell came down the road, he said to a cheering man:
> "Ireland shall get her freedom and you still break stone."

The poem speaks to the modern world, bringing to the fore one of its great fears—of an ultimate futility of politics. So does "The Great Day":

> Hurrah for revolution and more cannon-shot!
> A beggar upon horseback lashes a beggar on foot.
> Hurrah for revolution and cannon come again!
> The beggars have changed places, but the lash goes on.

To begin with these examples may be to present an unfamiliar, acerbated Yeats, but it will show also his distrust of that callous demagoguery which feeds on mankind's greatest hopes and ideals. A third unfamiliar poem, "Church and State," will recall too the fearless cast of his mind, his ability to appreciate mutually contradictory possibilities at the same time, giving each its weight in the emotional scheme of things. It is a political poem which, like Blake's "London," is not tendentious but deeply responsive to the state of man:

> Here is fresh matter, poet,
> Matter for old age meet;
> Might of the Church and the State,
> Their mobs put under their feet.
> O but heart's wine shall run pure,
> Mind's bread grow sweet.
>
> That were a cowardly song,
> Wander in dreams no more;
> What if the Church and the State
> Are the mob that howls at the door!
> Wine shall run thick to the end,
> Bread taste sour.

But the relevance is not mainly political at all. Even Yeats's superficially political poems—those like "Easter, 1916," for instance—are not really so. This poem sings the glory of the men whose lives were lost in the Easter Rebellion, and the "terrible beauty" born in Ireland as a result of that sacrifice. At the same time, it grants that the rebels may have been mistaken, that England may yet abide by her promise to grant Ireland her independence. The poem is characteristically honest, and all the more convincing because it refuses, as Yeats always did refuse, to be dogmatic. What saves it from dogmatism is the way it turns on a single image (of hearts "enchanted to a stone") which, followed through with strict poetic integrity, forces the poet to shift the ground of his thought and include the possibility that his heroes may have been wrong. And so the truer relevance of the poem lies in the way it allows for a play of opposites against each other. This play, or dialogue, of opposites in his work almost always transcends the warring issues themselves.

The audacity of "Church and State" is characteristic of Yeats's spokesmanship for the contemporary mind and sensibility. In the deepest sense he believed in nothing yet spoke for belief; and speaking for it, he yet detested the thought of vain causes and idealisms that could make a man false to himself. He was interested in folklore, in theories of the occult from Rosicrucianism to spiritualism and mystical idealism of every sort including the doctrines of Plato and Plotinus. His attraction to these cults and doctrines had many motivations, but one was overriding: his belief that they provided symbolic clues to the unconscious life of mind and spirit as well as to the subjective world of image, emotion and creative imagination. He sought a kind of anti-scientific science of symbolic realization, derived from mythical and esthetic sources: a science that would therefore—from a poet's standpoint, at least—go beyond both the materialistic thought-systems that prevailed in his youth and the vague bodiless religiosity that shuddered away from those systems.

A list of his most famous poems brings into the mind a series of vibrant, archetypal pictures, surrounded by passionate song: the rape of Leda; a Sphinx-like beast "moving its slow thighs" over the desert as the annunciation of a new, terrible recording of human destiny; an old whore shrieking beautiful obscene profundities at a doctrinaire priest, an Earthly Paradise where the great sages and heroes of tradition take their whimsical ease while the Innocents of the New Testament "re-live their death" again and again and "nymphs and satyrs copulate in the foam."

Through this symbolic "science" he succeeded in constructing a poetic world in which there was simultaneously room for the most bleak and candid recognitions and the most exalted visionary transformations:

> These masterful images because complete

*THE COLLECTED POEMS OF W. B. YEATS. Definitive Edition with the Author's Final Revisions. The Macmillan Company. $6.

A VISION. A Reissue with the Author's Final Revisions. By W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Company. $5.

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Grew in pure mind, but out of what began?
A mound of refuse or the sweepings of a street,
Old kettles, old bottles, and a broken can,
Old iron, old bones, old rags, that raving slut
Who keeps the till. Now that my ladder's gone,
I must lie down where all the ladders start,
In the foul rag-and-bone shop of the heart.

The organizing system for this poetic world of actively related opposites (which is perhaps most fully realized dramatically in the two Byzantium poems, in the play *The Resurrection* and one or two others, and in "A Dialogue of Self and Soul') is provided in that surprising, delightful, partly makeshift book *A Vision*. Behind *A Vision* lies the parallel occultist experience, reading and thinking of both Yeats and his wife. Her efforts at automatic writing shortly after their marriage in 1917 were what led to the conscious formulation and emergence in images of the themes and diagrams around which the book is built: the cycles of history and of individual personality; the relations between the wheel of time and timelessness, between physical universe and pure spirit; the opposition of Christian and pagan-Renaissance values; the "dreaming-back" by the soul after death of its worldly experience; the new applications of the ancient concept of the "Great Year"—the two-thousand-year cycle within which a dominant mode of civilization is born, flourishes and dies; and the basic symbol of the interpenetrating gyres, or vortexes, forever at war and forever passing through regular phases in their relation to one another.*

HOW many of these ideas Yeats believed in unreservedly is open to question, especially since it is impossible to be sure that he believed unreservedly in *anything*. It is interesting that he begins his introduction to the book with the observation that, as a result of the "incredible experience" it represents, "my poetry has gained in self-possession and power." Also he tells us *(possibly* without intentional humor) that when he offered to spend the rest of his life interpreting the messages received through his wife's automatic writing, the spirits replied: "No, we have come to give you metaphors for poetry." (These spirits, incidentally, were demanding, pedantic, even petulant. For instance, "they asked me not to read philosophy until their exposition was complete," and sent flashes of light or struck chairs violently when they disapproved of the Yeatses' behavior. On the other hand, they quite sentimentally filled the house with the smell of roses when a son was born there.) And he ends his introduction with these words:

> . . . . if sometimes, overwhelmed by miracle as all men must be when in the midst of it, I have taken such periods [the Great Years] literally, my reason has soon recovered; and now that the system stands out clearly in my imagination I regard them as stylistic arrangements of experience comparable to the cubes in the drawing of Wyndham Lewis and to the voids in the sculpture of Brancusi. They have helped me to hold in a single thought reality and justice.

The combination of whimsical writing (the book contains a letter to Ezra Pound that begins: "My Dear Ezra, Do not be elected to the Senate of your country"—although here again Yeats may not have realized the lovely absurdity of this plea), textbookish precision and organization, passages of poetry, and personal speculation of a quite elegant order makes *A Vision* rewarding in many ways. It is surprising that it has no real *literary* reputation in its own right, and is generally thought merely schematic, even if fantastically so. It is full of passages that are not only interesting in themselves but also illuminating for readers of Yeats's poetry:

> A civilization is a struggle to keep self-control, and in this it is like some great tragic person, some Niobe who must display an almost superhuman will or the cry will not touch our sympathy. The loss of control over thought comes towards the end; first a sinking in upon the moral being, then the last surrender, the irrational cry, revelation —the scream of Juno's peacock.

Out of the organized subjectivisms of *A Vision* and his brooding over their implications came the rich art of the later Yeats. He had developed a mode of symbolic thinking that was free and hypothetical, yet emphatic and concrete, and he was enabled thereby to encompass the great issues without being swamped in partisanship. ("I never bade you go," he wrote, "to Moscow or to Rome") *A Vision* brought to fruition his lifelong search for a supernaturalism and a set of intellectual points of reference that could not commit him to any established religion or philosophical school. It provided the necessary exotic themes and images —he calls them his "circus animals" —which, because largely and primarily esthetic, allowed him the greatest latitude of thought and statement without risk of public outrage or censorship. (Even his espousal of an aristocratic ideal, though "real," is basically esthetic in conception.) His humor too was enriched by this liberating effort—so that we have many effects like that in "Crazy Jane on the Mountain," in which amidst the painful realization of the loss of heroic meanings in the modern world there is suddenly called up the vision of the mythical warrior-king Cuchulain and his queen, "great-bladdered Emer" (an allusion to a contest in which Emer clearly demonstrated her superiority to certain other mythical ladies). The whole of "John Kinsella's Lament for Mrs. Mary Moore" has this kind of tragic-hilarious quality.

Yeats did achieve the definitive success of transforming his whole consciousness of himself, mind and body, into the objectified and dramatized symbolic counters of his art.

*The best book on Yeats's thought, including, of course, A Vision, and on its relation to the development of his poetry is Richard Ellmann's The Identity of Yeats (Oxford University Press: 1954)—a distinguished study that has been unaccountably neglected.

To Our Readers

A REMINDER—Fill out and return the Presidential ballot printed on the back cover of last week's issue of *The Nation*.

And while you are doing so, don't forget to mark a box in EACH of the last eight pairs on the ballot. In other words, of the last sixteen boxes, you should mark eight.

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And because he *used* the system but was rarely its creature, he could always change the counters, re-explore their implications, try out this solution and that, and if need be discount them entirely:

But hush, for I have lost the theme,
Its joy or night seem but a dream;
Up there some hawk or owl has struck,
Dropping out of sky or rock,
A stricken rabbit is crying out,
And its cry distracts my thought.

The Shock of Mencken

H. L. MENCKEN: A Portrait from Memory. By Charles Angoff. Thomas Yoseloff. $3.95.

MINORITY REPORT: H. L. Mencken's Notebooks. Knopf. $3.95.

By William Bittner

THE OLD MAN is dead, and the reminiscences and table-scrapings are beginning to come in. Not many can equal the memories of Charles Angoff, who worked on the *Mercury* in its best years; but his diligent reportage of H. L. Mencken's peccadilloes and comments, edited for shock quality, becomes tedious after a while, like the chatter of a too-fond parent who insists on telling you all the clever remarks of his little boy. Mencken, in his time, was America's Boswell, and it is quite possible that a Boswell for a Boswell operates on too diminished a scale, like the Quaker on the breakfast-food box held by the Quaker on the box.

Listening to Angoff's Mencken, one has difficulty distinguishing him from Westbrook Pegler, except that what he is quoted as saying is evidently too outrageous and self-contradictory to be taken literally. Mencken was just as much an experimenter with language as Joyce or Gertrude Stein; his method, however, was communication by shock. He opposed the popular view, whatever it was, and he provoked a great deal of enlightenment by means of dicta that were literally just ridiculous. Nevertheless, he frequently had hold of the coattails of truth when more earnest people clutched air.

The only artifacts of the Mencken regime that have not lost all their gilt and most of their shape are the *American Mercury* under his editorship, and *The American Language.* The *Days* are charming, as autobiography goes, but it does not ever go very deep. Philologists can blast tremendous holes in the etymology of *The American Language*—Mencken was no more a scholar than is any other reporter—but he developed and demonstrated a workable and lively theory of the peculiar dynamics of American English, and his book, with its supplements, is certainly as accurate, and more readable than Sam Johnson's Dictionary. The *Mercury* under Mencken (reading a copy of the current journal is like finding your sister in a you-know-what house) set high standards without ever being inhospitable to new writers, treated serious subjects frivolously and was never trivial. It died because its enemy, conformity, seemed to be dead, and too many people failed to recognize the phoenix quality of the wowser attitude. I wish we had it back.

As Angoff points out, Mencken became more interested in politics as he grew older, to the exclusion of fields in which he had competence, and *Minority Report* shows that weakness mingled only here and there with cracks at the more conventionally revered totems. The trouble with Mencken and politics is that his strength lay in expressing the attitude of a querulous and tiny minority, as modification to the dominance of the majority; but in debunking politics and politicians, and in expressing prejudices against Negroes, Jews and all foreigners who were not German, his epigrams were not minority. He was expressing the attitude of the boobeoisie—just a bit more honestly than they would say it.

Mencken was worthier than either of these books would indicate; but between his own leftovers and what he said to bait Angoff, I prefer the latter. The picture Mr. Angoff gives of the old man is raw, but it is alive; the quotations are more extreme than any Mencken would have printed. Nevertheless, if it is not taken as the ultimate source-book on him, it can serve very effectively as an antidote to some of the eulogistic hogwash that has been written and said about H. L. Mencken—not to speak of that which will be.

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A Show Worth Watching

THE MAN WHO WAS NOT WITH IT. By Herbert Gold. Atlantic Monthly Press Book. Little, Brown and Company. $3.75.

By Alan Harrington

> I was with it and for it . . . I had risen fast despite my habit, from tent man and candy butcher to shill and apprentice inside man in a count-your-ball, rob 'em all shop. I was no first-of-Mayer. . . . I traveled through foul September rains on the canvas. I gave myself to voyaging. . . .

THIS is young Bud Williams, hero of Herbert Gold's third novel, *The Man Who Was Not With It.* Bud, a sort of hipster Huck Finn, having fled his father's house in Pittsburgh, has found a home in the sleazy realm of a traveling carnival, and a new father in the great con-artist Brack, king of the sideshow pitch-men. Morphine helps the boy forget the loneliness and guilts of his early years. With Grack's aid, he gets rid of his "habit."

The Man Who Was Not With It is itself a carnival, bringing the reader into a strange and fascinating tent. The novel is a spectacular linguistic performance. Herbert Gold's writing is sometimes flashy and full of sideshow guile, but much more often his story is beautifully told, with tough and tender humor, as he gives us Bud Williams' confession in the fever of his youth.

One warning is in order. It may take a few pages for the reader to get used to the novel's carney lingo. Once he approaches the midway, he will almost surely be hooked, for Herbert Gold is no longer a novelist to be watched in the future—his performance is here, and well worth watching right now.

ALAN HARRINGTON is the author of The Revelations of Dr. Modesto.

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Films

Robert Hatch

THERE IS something unresolved about the moral focus of *The Proud and the Beautiful,* a film of excellent quality made near Vera Cruz by Yves Allegret and starring Michele Morgan and Gerard Philipe. It tells one kind of story with material that appears to belong to a very different kind of story. More specifically, it is a rather sentimental bit of optimism based on a story by Jean-Paul Sartre.

On the surface, *The Proud and the Beautiful* is the tale of a derelict, an alcoholic doctor living in a warren of whores, who is restored to grace by a time of crisis and the love of an understanding woman. That is the kind of romance that Clive Brook used to glory in. The crisis of the film is an epidemic of spotted fever, and there is one scene —when the pathetic, ragged, shaking hero picks up a hypodermic and, with hands become suddenly sure and strong, plunges the four-inch needle into a colleague's spine—that is the hallmark of bunkum.

But beneath the easy sentiment the picture seems to be telling a more bitter tale. The woman who rescues the doctor has just lost her husband to the fever. It appears that he had been an invalid all their life together and as soon as he dies she turns with sure instinct toward the next weakling. If, as it appears, she has a taste for broken men, the future does not promise well for her new invalid-lover.

Scenes and characters have more weight than they bring to bear. There is an unresolved bit of violence wherein the hotel proprietor, a brutal dandy, begins to rape the widow and then suddenly desists. The head doctor, himself dying, works under ludicrously inadequate conditions to save the dying. He is clear enough as an existentialist character, but so far as this picture is concerned one never learns what he represents. And the proprietor's wife, a slut with a head for figures, seems always about to enter the action but finally slopes off inconclusively. I have a notion that M. Allegret bit off more of a story than he decided to chew.

Nevertheless it is an engrossing and beautifully prepared picture. The hot loneliness of the few sophisticated outsiders caught in the teeming and contagion-struck village; the mood of exhausted despair in which the lovers first notice each other—as though love too were a fever that felled you when your resistance was gone; the herd-like indifference of the peasants to the death striking all around them—it is a week of fiesta and fireworks keep going off in the faces of the dying as they are carted through the streets; the determination to set up a quarantine when there is no possibility of its being enforced: these and like ingredients evoke the bleak and seductive valor of existentialism at the same time that the explicit story is telling us rather fatuously not to underestimate the power of a woman.

And Gerard Philipe is an actor of such grace and taste that he is always a delight to watch. He offers on this occasion a portrait of abasement, bravado, irony and self-disgust that is perfectly observed and perfectly communicated. Michele Morgan is more appealing than eloquent—her pale eyes are never very expressive and she seems here at a loss as to what she is intended to express. Whether M. Allegret could not make her fill out the implications of her role, or did not want her to do so, she is at the center of the picture's ambiguity.

THE OLD adage that the only good Indian is a dead Indian has fallen out of repute in recent years, but John Wayne so thoroughly subscribes to it in *The Searchers* that he shoots an Indian who is already dead and in his grave—shoots his eyes out so that he cannot see his way to the happy hunting ground. This is carrying prejudice to an extreme, even by movie frontier standards.

The Searchers, a John Ford desert spectacular in prismatic Vista-Vision, is long on brutality and short on logic or responsible behavior. It tells how a Confederate officer, just back from the wars, spends ten years pursuing a small band of Indians which has kidnapped his niece. During these years he is always mounted on a superb horse, dressed and armed to the satisfaction of Abercrombie and Fitch and engaged in firing off whole arsenals of ammunition. He came home with a couple of hundred dollars in his pocket and he does not a lick of work in a decade. I can only suppose that he is operating on a grant from some research foundation.

Throughout the picture Wayne behaves like a dangerous lunatic. There is no method to his search but a good deal of pointless slaughter. He is a bully, he is subject to sudden rages, he is trigger-happy, he goes in for scalping, always an alarming symptom in white men. When he finally catches up with the right band of Indians and discovers that his niece has grown to be a beautiful squaw and married the chief, he tries to shoot her.

All this could be psychologically tenable, and even interesting, but Wayne's behavior is presented as the heroic stuff out of which the West was made. In fact, the ex-soldier he portrays is a psychotic with homicidal tendencies which he is given almost unlimited opportunities to indulge, and *The Searchers* is a picnic for sadists in very beautiful country.

CRIME pictures usually succeed or fail according to the ingenuity and excitement of their plots. But *Rififi,* the new French import, though weak in that major respect, is beautifully successful for secondary reasons. The four jewel thieves of the yarn are richly drawn, thoroughly entertaining scoundrels who behave toward one another with a charming courtesy and mutual regard seldom maintained for long in even the most accomplished professional communities. The elegant boulevard shop on which they fix their attention is singularly ill-protected; nevertheless, they attack it with exquisite finesse. They work out a true ballet of pre-

COMING

This Age of Re-forming History

A critical essay on
Richard Hofstadter

by William Appleman Williams

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cise timing and delicate movement; their burglar equipment is entirely chic, and they pass the tools from one hand to another with the silent accord of a top surgical team. This jaunty deftness is witty and you feel like breaking into applause as the small chamois bag of jewels is fetched out of the bowels of the safe exactly at the predicted minute of six A. M.

Then, too, the city of Paris is lovingly photographed, especially in the grey light of early morning, and the violence of the French underworld is sketched with a fine quiet intensity. Toward the end, the picture's style breaks up in an Elizabethan orgy of homicide; the lesson that crime doesn't pay is taught so thoroughly that no one in the cast is left alive to profit from it. I thought this cadaver-strewn conclusion was funny in a way that the director, Jules Dassin, hadn't intended. Up to that point, however, he indisputedly made a silk purse out of some old gangster odds and ends, some ingenious atmospheric detail and a small company of expert, almost unknown character actors—one of the most appealing of them being Dessin himself as the master safe-cracker of the team.

Theatre in Germany: I

Harold Clurman

Berlin

AS I remember Berlin—which I first visited in 1922—it was a stuffily comfortable city which gave evidence of a fulsomely prosperous, unmistakably middle-class past. There were marks, too, of shock and despair—a kind of wan astonishment as of a man who, while still surrounded by substantial possessions, discovers that he is no longer solvent.

Berlin today is two towns: the one in the West strikes me like an old-fashioned ice-cream parlor built on a waste land; the other in the East resembles a shabby encampment constructed from the rubble of a formidable city. One can travel without any trouble from West to east Berlin by subway or electric train; yet the effect of the division is to make both sectors seem bloodless, ghostlike, almost unreal. There is a sense of ruin which no one, except the sightseeing guides, thinks it proper to notice or remark upon. In West Berlin people behave as if all were normal or were soon going to be; in East Berlin, as if the shattered streets were a promise of future achievement. Is this the end of a world or the beginning of a new one?

ONE THING has not changed: the theatre now, as in the twenties, is of the best. There were more ambitious and practiced playwrights then—in fact the German expressionists of those days were auguries, some people believed, of a new and exalted drama—and there were innumerable actors of high rank. Today there are few new playwrights worth special mention, and most of the famous actors whose names were the pride of the European stage have disappeared through natural causes and some through causes which were not at all natural.

Yet there is no escaping the fact: in quality of production, in scenic invention, in variety of repertory, in solidity of organization, the German theatre at this moment (and Berlin is by no means the single nor even the most signal instance of it) makes the American, English, French stages look like little-theatre activities.

I had not expected this because, for one thing, such critics as Eric Bentley in New York and Kenneth Tynan in London had made it appear that the German theatre today was interesting only because of Bertolt Brecht's "Berliner Ensemble Theater." (Brecht is not the titular administrative director, but he is unquestionably its guiding spirit.) While it is true that this East Berlin company represents the most strikingly new development in the German theatre since the Second World War, it is all wrong to suggest that it is the only distinguished theatre in Germany or even in Berlin.

There is, for example, the state-supported Schiller Theater in West Berlin, a modern and handsome construction on the site of the old building which was destroyed in the air raids. It has a seating capacity of 1,200, and its management also runs a smaller house in which intimate plays are produced. I did not inquire how large the state subsidy was, but I was informed that in the smaller city of Frankfurt, the subsidy amounts to $1,500,000 a year.

The stage of the Schiller Theater occupies one third of the building's space. (In most American theatres the stage is confined to one tenth of the total area.) It has several revolving tables and is equipped in most up-to-date fashion in regard to lighting, scene docks, etc.

Almost all the actors of the Schiller Theater are employed by the season, which is also true of the imposing technical and administrative staff. The repertory includes at present a German play of the twenties, a play by Calderon freely translated by Von Hoffmansthal, Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* and *Doll's House,* Anouilh's latest play *Ornifle,* Schiller's *Don Carlos,* Goethe's *Faust,* Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra,* Büchner's *Danton's Death,* Erwin Piscator's adaptation of Tolstoy's *War and Peace,* Richard Nash's *The Rainmaker,* Arthur Miller's *A View from the Bridge,* Faulkner's *Requiem for a Nun,* and a new play, being given its world premiere here, by Marcel Pagnol.

At the Berliner Ensemble Theater in East Berlin the repertory includes, besides Brecht's plays, versions of Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer,* Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World,* a play by the nineteenth-century Russian classic Ostrovsky. Other plays being offered in other East Berlin theatres include Molière's *George Dandin,* plays by Schiller, Goldoni, Lorca, Hauptmann, Shaw, Shakespeare. All the East Berlin theatres are state supported, as are the opera houses in both West and East Berlin. In West Germany alone there may be as many as 200 state-owned theatres. I paid ten marks for my orchestra ticket at the Schiller Theater: about $2.50. The cost of a similar ticket (in dollars) is less than half that amount in East Berlin.

The audience which attends the theatre in both sectors—it is to be noted incidentally that West Berlin residents may and do attend East Berlin theatres and vice versa, just as actors living in either sector may be employed in theatres of the other—the audience, I say, appears as well "trained" as the companies themselves. They are almost invariably

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punctual, extraordinarily attentive and quiet during the performance, rarely applaud till the curtain is down and the house lights have been turned up. There is something almost solemn about their behavior in the theatre auditorium—they drink beer or juices and eat sandwiches during intermission in the commodious foyers intended for the purpose. They laugh discreetly, as if laughter might disturb the actors or as if the theatre were not intended for undue levity, although the biggest laugh and applause in a very bad production of *Bus Stop* I saw at one of the "private" (non-subsidized) theatres came just where it did in the New York production.

MY PURPOSE in beginning this report on the Berlin theatre with some hasty observations on the physical appearance of the city itself was not simply to introduce a bit of local color into my description. The scarred city and the atmosphere produced by the causes and consequences of its wounds stand in a vital relationship to what one sees in the theatre.

Danton's Death, at the Schiller Theater, is the work of a German dramatist—George Büchner—who died in 1837 at the age of twenty-three. The play was written when he was twenty-one. A medical student, Büchner was a romantic, unhappy with the reaction which had set in in Germany after Napoleon's final defeat. But Büchner's mind had also a critical and realistic bent—he thought of drama as a form of history—and his emotions were torn between the tug of his yearning for freedom, beauty and ethical nobility and the repressive conservatism, which the disillusionment with the French Revolution and the fear of Napoleon—who to most Europeans outside France somehow symbolized that Revolution—had bred.

Büchner was attracted to the purposes for which the revolution had been undertaken—this made him a radical—but he was horrified by the physical and moral depredations of the historical process as it actually works itself out in daily needs. "Freedom has become a whore," one of the characters says in *Danton's Death;* and the play which seems buoyed up by a kind of revolutionary afflatus also has about it a quality of anguish and pessimism which a determined or doctrinaire radical would qualify as counter-revolutionary. Throughout the play, a revulsion is expressed at the nemesis of history, which seems to compel its human agents to commit criminal acts.

Because the play is wildly episodic and was utterly impracticable for stage conditions at the time of its composition, it was not produced until seventy-five years later—in 1910. I saw it done in German by the company Reinhardt brought to the old Century Theatre in New York in 1927. The production was extremely picturesque, spectacularly brilliant, but chiefly ornamental, because the play's material served Reinhardt merely as the springboard for a splendid show.

For the present director, Erwin Piscator—some twelve years in exile from Germany and only recently repatriated in West Germany, though still markedly "independent" in his views—the play is something more than an experience in sparkling modern theatrics—though it is that as well. *Danton's Death* is a romantic epic of political turmoil, a grandiose lyric statement of history's heartbreaking contradictions, a song of revolutionary ardor, and a heroic dirge on the personal misery of revolutionary action and the savage errors by which humanity progresses.

How appropriate and meaningful all this is at the state-supported theatre of West Berlin. For everything is here—on the stage, in the audience and in the streets outside: the memory and witness of "revolutionary" faiths of all kinds (we must not forget that for many Germans National Socialism represented a kind of religious revolt against capitalism and the decadent democracies) and the still harassing need to choose between different ideologies each of which is tainted with confusions, compromises and elements of shame.

Beyond all this, the energy, opulence, mechanical inventiveness of the production—which seems to move as easily and colorfully as any movie—serve in sum as an example of the sophistication, resourcefulness and imaginative exuberance of that part of the German theatre which has absorbed all the salutary influences in the world of modern art. Here are ideas, social significance, lavish showmanship, poetry—Büchner was a beautiful writer—free of the shackles of the ordinary commercial stage. The total production is a stage event of which most of us in New York, London and Paris are largely unaware—as if the theatre itself were an experience still to be discovered by us.

There are no great actors in *Danton's Death,* but the company—largely composed of people in their thirties—is virile, well endowed in voice, diction, looks and wholly practiced in the uninhibited use of the stage. A young man, Hans Dieter Zeidler, displays a combination of temperamental dash and solidity which, while it as yet wants the modification of greater subtlety of feeling that may come with a little more living and the opportunity for repose, could well make him another of the big actors for which the German theatre is celebrated.

THE SETTING for *Danton's Death* is a triumph of eclectic methods. Revolving platforms are used, and certain devices of constructivism: the main architectural feature of the setting is a scaffolding which resembles a modified scenic railway, itself frequently in motion, so that when people promenade on it—which is what they do in many street scenes—we get the sense of constant mobility. Images of places and people are fluently projected against screens on three sides of the stage. The result is a feeling of complete freedom in the background and environment of the play.

This setting is the work of Caspar Neher, the original designer of the Brecht-Weill *Three Penny Opera* and one of the two best designers in Germany. The other is Theo Otto, now residing in Zurich (but employed throughout Germany), who designed Brecht's *Mother Courage* at the Berliner Ensemble Theater. Both men stand among the world's most talented stage designers of our day.

This brings me to the famous troupe whose theatrical ideology and a large part of whose repertory is the product of Bertolt Brecht's lively brain. This poet and dramatist is almost unanimously admired—certainly respected—by people of both West and East German citizenship or persuasion. A fuller discussion of Brecht's theatre and productions will be the subject of my next article.

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Music

B. H. Haggin

THE American Shakespeare Festival Theatre at Stratford, Connecticut, put on what it described as the first of a series of annual music festivals —this one devoted to Mozart. It included on the one hand a convocation, with Virgil Thomson as chairman, which discussed the subject *What Mozart Means to Modern Music,* and on the other hand two ballets which demonstrated in living art what Mozart's music means to the man I have come to regard as the greatest creative artist of our day, George Balanchine. One, *A Musical Joke,* danced to Mozart's piece with that title, was entirely new; the other, *Divertimento,* danced to the Divertimento K.287, was a largely new version of *Caracole,* which the New York City Ballet presented briefly a few years ago.

Divertimento, like *Caracole,* is one of what have been described as Balanchine's "concentrated essays . . . in extended classic vocabulary"—which is to say the classic ballet vocabulary as extended by Balanchine in invention of increasing intricacy and unending originality. That invention delights the eye with its brilliance in the Allegro and Minuet movements of *Divertimento;* but its high points are the variation and Adagio movements. In the first, Mozart's own elaboration of his musical theme in the series of variations elicits from Balanchine a succession of richly diverse, fascinatingly complex and marvelously beautiful solos; for the long aria in the second Balanchine produces one of his great supported adagios. As in *Caracole* the continuity of the aria that is heard sung throughout by one instrumental voice is disturbed several times by the shifting from one supported dancer to the next; but this time Balanchine gives each couple a longer stretch to do and thus reduces the number of breaks.

A Musical Joke, characterized as a "ballet-burlesque," is another such essay, but with special features related to the special character of the music. Mozart begins with the banalities a group of village amateurs would play; he includes obvious jokes in the form of the occasional dissonant disasters of their performance, and subtle ones concerned with tonality for the eighteenth-century ears that could appreciate them; but in a slow movement apparently he cannot be anything but serious—that is, write anything but music that is characteristically lovely and affecting, except for a burlesque cadanza at the end. And in response to all this Balanchine too begins with banalities, contrives details that are obviously funny to anyone and subtler "mistakes" that dancers will smile at, but produces for the slow movement another of his great supported adagios, with a few jokes in the cadenza, but until then holding one spellbound with the sustained beauty and grandeur of its development, the new things which the Balanchine imagination contrives for the dancers to do .

The pieces make enormous demands on the dancers, with their intricacies and difficulties that must be executed with an appearance of effortless ease. And their effectiveness at the second Stratford performance, which I attended, resulted from the way those demands were satisfied by Adams and Bliss, LeClercq and Magallanes, Wilde and Moncion in *A Musical Joke;* Adams, Hayden, Allegra Kent, LeClercq, Wilde, Bliss, Magallanes, Tobias and a small corps of girls in *Divertimento.* It is for his female dancers that Balanchine produces his most brilliant invention; and each of the soloists was, in her own way, dazzling. But LeClercq's movements—her unfolding arabesques in the long supported adagio of *A Musical Joke,* for example—were made breath-takingly beautiful by the aura of personal radiance that gives an added dimension to her dancing.

Karinska contributed enchanting costumes for *A Musical Joke,* and charming new ones for *Divertimento.* There was no scenery for the first piece; and I think none would have been better for the second than the backdrop from *Sinfonie Concertante.*

THE BALLETS were preceded by Mozart's Serenade K.361 for thirteen wind instruments, performed by members of the Symphony of the Air under Leinsdorf. Mozart's writing for winds alone is very beautiful; but forty minutes of it is a lot to listen to even when executed by first-rate players; and I found it too much as it was executed by the not altogether first-rate group from the Symphony of the Air, which included a first oboe whose tone was quite unpleasant. It was a relief after that to hear the orchestra's strings, which with two horns played under Fiorato for the ballets.

The winds and strings together

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constituted an excellent orchestra for a performance of Mozart's opera *The Abduction from the Seraglio* which was in most other respects too—the conducting of Leinsdorf, the staging by Rexford Harrower, the scenery and costumes of Robert Fletcher—a good one. But a performance of opera stands or falls by its singers, and a performance of the *Abduction* by the sopranos for the taxing parts of Constanza and Bionda. Their high florid passages must be sung with assurance, ease and bravura; they must not be struggled with, as they were by Sarah Fleming and Sylvia Stahlman in the second Stratford performance, which I attended. Miss Fleming didn't even succeed in the struggle with her first-act aria, but she managed to get through the later *"Martern aller Arten"* accurately; the high notes Miss Stahlman produced were ear-piercing. In music which employed their lower range, however, they exhibited agreeable voices, as did William Lewis, the Belmonte, and Richard Humphrey, the Osmin; but the voice of Norman Kelley, the Pedrillo, was a little dry. Once again I could distinguish very few of the words of the Chester Kallman translation in the arias; even some spoken dialogue was unclear as it was declaimed by Basil Rathbone, the Pasha Selim, or mumbled by Mr. Humphrey.

AT THE final concert Newell Jenkins conducted the orchestra in an excellently paced and phrased performance of Mozart's Symphony K.338; after which he conducted performances of the *Exultate Jubilate* K.165 with Joan Moynagh, soprano, the Masonic Music K.471 with Loren Driscoll, tenor, and the *Coronation Mass* K.317 with Miss Moynagh, Mr. Driscoll, Beatrice Krebs, alto, Guy Gardner, bass, and the Stratford Congregational Church Oratorio Choir. Miss Moynagh's singing of the florid passages of *Exultate* wasn't clearly articulated and she couldn't produce a trill; but elsewhere she sang well, as did the other soloists; and the chorus was good. Outstanding, in this vocal music, was the *"Credo"* of the mass, with its persistent energetic figure in the opening section, the affecting slow section beginning at the words *Et incarnatus est*, the return of the energetic figure at the words *Et resurrexit*.

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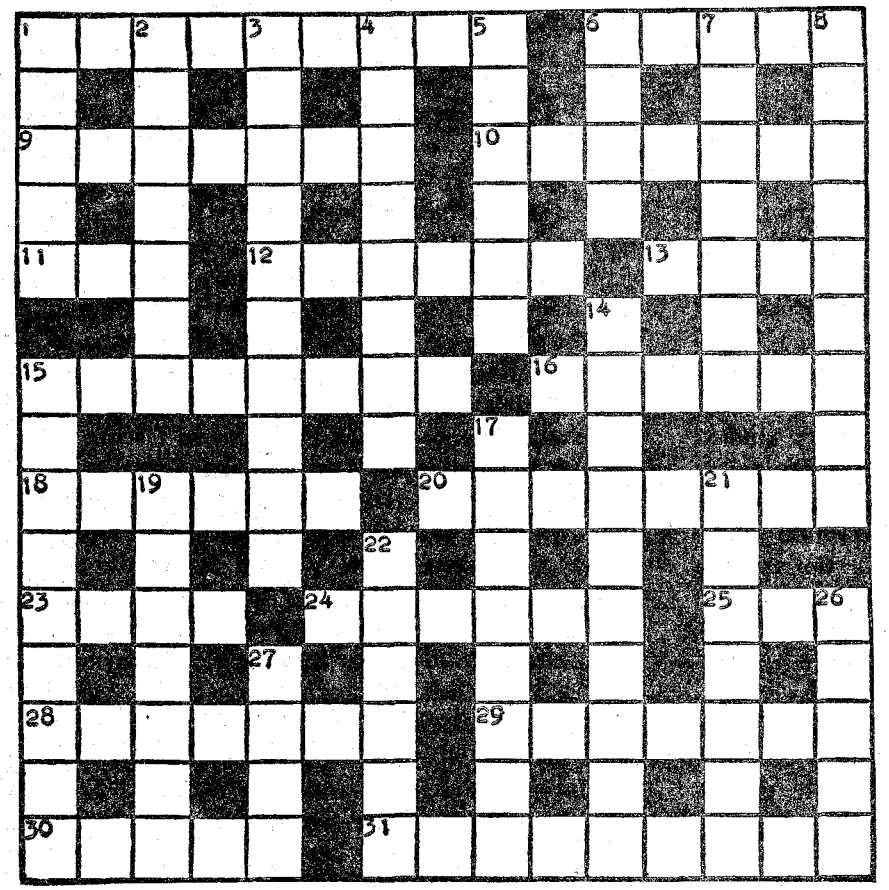

ACROSS:

1 Massage the top spot inside by successively changing the argument by a constant. (9)
6 When Junior leaves 1 down, look in place of it. (5)
9 Such an account could hardly be 14. (7)
10 Ovid said the omnipotent Father made Olympus this, and from Ossa hurled Pelion. (7)
11 This takes two to play. (3)
12 Lay around, and allow to return in. (6)
13 and 25 If someone calls you one, he's only trying to be helpful. (7)
15 Impel or incite. (8)
16 Statesman in a different country, and in mine, too. (6)
18 Such skies go with cloudless climes, when she walks in beauty. (6)
20 Rode around with what might be said to be a bad heart. (8)
23 and 3 down Given by early settlers, no doubt. (4,2,8)
24 Such a column can't wrong us inside. (6)
25 See 13 across.
28 One might leave it on a trip which is scheduled, or a trip which is unusual. (7)
29 This means cutting things a little bit short. (7)
30 When followed by space, it isn't very fast. (5)
31 Such things might give quiet and a charge for satisfaction following me inside. (9)

DOWN:

1 Scandinavians may travel in it, but it only suggests a foreign car! (5)
2 Dear overseas, returning too much like smoke for some. (7)
3 See 23 across.
4 Sameness. (8)
5 Not like the head of 26—not much! (6)
6 and 7 This doesn't necessarily imply the liberty of the ship! (4,2,5)
8 and 27 Edith woodenly implies such things should be fast. (4-2-3-4)
14 The lid makes it more than painful but after 23 and 3 things might be so marked. (4,2,4)
15 Their jobs should scarcely be all work and no play. (9)
17 John Steinbeck said man walks up the stairs of his this, and emerges ahead of his accomplishments. (8)
19 The country at the extremes of Australia. (7)
21 Have a tendency to cant. (7)
22 Such a vessel should look sharp. (6)
26 He's obstinately attached to his own 17. (5)
27 See 8 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 676

1 DULLARDS; 5 REAMER; 9 RECITES; 10 FIR TREE; 11 VINTNER; 12 NOTHING; 13 CROSS-HATCHING; 15 BURNT OFFERING; 21 ILL WILL; 2 TITULAR; 23 ACADEMY; 24 LARGEST; 25 EVERTS; 26 SYMMETRY. DOWN: 1 DERIVE; 2 LACONIC; 3 ANTONIO; 4 DISTRUSTFULLY; 6 ERRATIC; 7 MARTINI; 8 REENGAGE; 10 FUNDAMENTALLY; 14 ABDICATE; 16 RELEASE; 17 TRIDENT; 18 INTERIM; 19 GILBERT; 20 PRETTY.

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Some critics have felt that the methods which proved successful in historical fiction were not adequate to modern themes and contemporary conflicts. The author's intentions, some believe, have too often dominated his contemporary fiction, the true complexity of our times sacrificed in the interest of making a point.

But whatever the validity of these criticisms, they cannot be levelled at *The Story of Lola Gregg*. Here Howard Fast emerges as a critical realist of impressive force and insight; here he grapples in the best realistic tradition with a major issue of our times and explores a highly controversial area of American reality which has general significance to all American readers and controversial significance to the American progressive movement.

In this novel the author steps boldly into the present, and not only creates typical and contemporary characters, scenes, and events in the best tradition of American realism, but here grapples with the central question which faced American progressives in the crucial days of 1949, and which still has significant reverberations: had America stumbled to the edge of the fascist abyss and must inevitably plunge into its depths, or did the American democratic tradition have enough vitality to evade this social tragedy? When the novel opens Americans were by no means clear on this issue; a strong body of opinion had decided that fascism was at hand, that the only resort was to disappear into the background and carry on the fight from there. Another view was that conditions in the U. S. A. were very different from those which had allowed fascism to triumph in Germany and Italy, that the vitality of the American democratic tradition would repel the threat which no one could doubt faced Roger Gregg the day the arrests began. Warned by a radio announcement and by the loyalty of a friendly counterman in the diner where he always had breakfast, Gregg elected to disappear into the vast anonymity of New York City.

The novel deals with one day in the life of Lola Gregg, Roger's wife. During that terrible day, with her husband a fugitive from the F. B. I., Lola Gregg had a lifetime of experience, not only in the tensions and suspenses of her husband's plight, but in the discovery of the real nature of American democracy. The counterman, the family across the hall, the grocer, friends, acquaintances, a variety of plain Americans all move in and through Lola's day as she struggles to decide whether she should encourage Gregg to escape or to return and give himself up. Should Roger Gregg consider that fascism had arrived and that he should fight underground, or should he face the arrest with the confidence of an American who knew that the democracy of the American people would repel the threat?

In a novel of unbearable tension the reader sees the problem unfold. The climax is reached when the federal police close in and the big questions of life and death, freedom and imprisonment face two unforgettable people, Roger and Lola Gregg.

This novel explores more than flight and arrest in a day of tense action; it explores the essential problem which all Americans faced then and now: how much vitality has American democracy got, how deep is the conviction of the American people in the principles of freedom.

ANGUS CAMERON

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